# GAZIN

à hyberius es à yann.—Speaking the truth in love.

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### Au Gourant.



PHE annual report of the Westminster Orchestral Society just to hand proves that this enterprising organization continues in a flourishing state. Although the working of the Society is almost entirely honorary, the balance sheet shows how heavy are the inevitable expenses, as must indeed be the case in every Society where programmes of a high standard are creditably performed. Nevertheless, owing to careful economy, there is a small balance in hand on the right side. The performance of meritorious works by British composers is a task with which the Westminster Orchestral Society, during the past eleven years, has mainly occupied itself; and one is glad to note from the new prospectus that this patriotic policy is to be continued. A feature of the first Concert, on December 16, will be a Romance for violin and orchestra, by the Society's conductor, Mr. Stewart Macpherson; of the second Concert, the new overture to Otello, by Mr. Walter Macfarren; and of the third, a Concerto by Miss Rosalind Last is the jam perchast by

SIR GEORGE GROVE'S recent volume on Beethoven's Nine Symphonies appears to have fallen on an unlucky fate. There is a by no means enthusiastic article on the book in the current number of the Edinburgh Review, and a correspondent of a contemporary says that it "has just got into W. H. Smith's secondhand catalogue." The reason for this latter circumstance is said to be that the first edition contained some slips which reflect on Sir George Grove's knowledge of elementary matters in music, and about which the critics have been charitably silent. Hence the hurry to bring out a second edition, and to get rid of the first at any price. This second edition, by the way, is furnished with an index, which the first edition ought certainly to have had. Messrs. Novello are morally bound to supply this index to purchasers of the first edition, but as a matter of fact they decline to do so. If this sort of thing were to become common, most people would prefer to wait for the second edition of a book which, as first published, was found to be imperfect.

PROFESSOR BRIDGE'S Gresham Lectures will be delivered this season at the theatre of Gresham College in Basinghall Street, instead of at the City of London School, which is wanted for other purposes. The subjects chosen this term are "The Origin and Development of the Oratorio," and Schubert's dramatic music. Dr. Bridge seems to be finding his various duties somewhat arduous, and is rather withdrawing from lecturing. His favourite deputy is his friend and pupil,

Dr. Sawyer. At the Albert Hall the doctor has quite won over the old Barnby choristers by his playfulness and mastery.

SPEAKING of Barnby, the Royal Choral Society's memorial bust to that worthy musical worker was uncovered at the close of the rehearsal in the Albert Hall, on October 26. The total amount subscribed to the fund was £232 8s., and after paying for the bust, pedestal, and other expenses, there remained about £110 to be handed to the Barnby Memorial Trust Fund, for the benefit of the children. The bust is in bronze, and is a striking likeness of the late musician, reproducing some peculiarities, even to the wearing of the overcoat, without which he was seldom seen.

By the way, there is an American Barnby Fund of nearly £150. Nor is that all. It seems that last year the Presbyterian Board of Publication compiled and issued, through a committee appointed for that purpose, a New Hymnal for the use of the Presbyterian Church in America. Among the hymn tunes chosen, the compositions of Barnby were conspicuously predominant. The committee, in view of the embarrassed condition of the composer's family, have recently sent Lady Barnby a substantial reminder of their appreciation of the value of her late husband's contributions to the hymn music of the Christian world, and their admiration of the labourer and his work, in the shape of a cheque for a liberal amount, which has received grateful acknowledgment from the beneficiary. The act has been much commended as having been "entirely un-solicited"; but if Barnby was not originally paid for the use of his tunes, there is nothing to commend about it.

MASCAGNI has been hard at work on his new Japanese opera, and some particulars of it are just to hand. It will contain one or two new dances, which, in the composer's opinion, are "so original that they cannot fail to be popular." A characteristic song will be a "Hymn to the Sun," with which the first scene opens, and the motive of which will be the dominant note of the whole opera. It is expected that La Giapponese will be ready for representation at the Carnival of 1897. Mascagni is also at work on an opera on a Roman subject, which he hopes to finish next year. Apropos of his facility in composing, a Berlin critic tells the following story. It seems that the composer was in Berlin directing the performance of one of his works. The orchestra, animated by some evil spirit of contradiction, was hurrying the time, notwithstanding his

best efforts to keep it within bounds. Finally, after a long struggle, he lost his temper. "Body of Bacchus," he cried, dropping his baton, "do you think I expect you all to keep playing as fast as I compose!" The story is good; but is it likely to be true?

So Jean de Reszké is really married at last! The event has been announced so often that one had begun to despair of its ever coming off at all. The ceremony seems to have been a much simpler one than the eminent tenor has been wont to go through in Lohengrin. It was, in fact, at the French equivalent of our registry office, and there were only about half a dozen male friends present, besides the witnesses. The bride—the Comtesse de Mailly-Nesle—is a lady well known in Parisian society. She is about thirty-five years of age, and although an amateur, has already gained some distinction in both music and literature. She was a pupil of Gounod, and would probably have adopted the profession if she had not been wealthy.

Somebody has invented a new kind of violin mute, which should be hailed with delight, not only by fiddlers themselves, but by all who have to suffer that apotheosis of cruelty which results from the efforts of the violin tyro. Amongst the advantages claimed for the new invention is that "it will be found of great value in practising, especially for beginners and musicians while travelling, saving the nerves of the performer and of those compelled to listen." Dr. Hullah used to say that the first efforts of the violin student should be made on the top of the highest hill, at the extremity of the most desolate plain, or in the recesses of the deepest cavern in the neighbourhood. If the new mute is what it professes to be, the learner may be saved from going out into the wilderness. At present he is certainly unfit for human companionship, and no banishment can be too strictly maintained.

THE wild excitement caused by the report of some newly discovered Wagner manuscripts proves to have been quite unnecessary. The "unknown" composition, in short, is nothing more nor less than a sketch of the well-known Faust overture. Dr. Hegar, director of the Zurich orchestra, gave a concert in 1878 to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the three concerts Wagner directed there. The master sent some MS. band parts for the occasion, on the back of which was some music in his own writing. M. Hegar set to work to piece together these fragments, with the result that the supposed unpublished MS. was found to be nothing but a sketch of the overture already mentioned. On the other hand, a genuine find has just been made of two previously quite unknown marches by Beethoven. The MSS, are in the handwriting of the composer, and were found in the library of a monastery at Troppan. One march bears the date 1809, the other 1810; and both are dedicated to the Grand Duke Anton Victor.

The recently-published "Annals of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festivals" makes a truly magnificent volume, which, however, from its long price, is bound to have a very limited sale. The authors have adopted the plan of reprinting all the programmes from the first festival in 1824, adding comments upon the works performed, noting the manner in which these works were received, and giving extracts from the contemporary criticisms of the London press. What the latter were sometimes like may be gathered from the following, taken from the

Athenaum in 1869. The critic is dealing with Hugo Pierson's Hezekiah. Mr. Pierson, he tells us, "has a contempt for form which would warm the heart of Herr Wagner himself, and courage to write music unmelodious enough to satisfy even that arch-priest of cacophony." After this, it might be well to look up Hezekiah! Mr. Fuller Maitland contributes a preface to the volume, in the course of which he gives as "a valid reason for the retention in the programme of the most hackneyed compositions, that to some one in the audience they may come with all the charm of novelty, and produce an effect never to be forgotten." But surely musical festivals are not given for the benefit of "some one." It is the many who ought to be considered, and the many have had quite enough of the hackneyed works.

In this same history of the Norwich Festivals there is a story told of Titiens, for the authenticity of which one would like to have clear proof. The story is to the effect that in 1863. Titiens stipulated in connection with her own engagement at the Festival, that Patti should not also be engaged. Now there have been singers who were capable of such a piece of professional silliness as this, but from all that we know of Titiens, she was the last to have been guilty of anything of the kind; and a writer who imputes such conduct to her without stating his authority for it must be held to have libelled one of the worthiest artistes who ever lived. If the story had been turned the other way and connected with Patti, one could have more readily believed it.

PAGANINI violins seem to be in the way of becoming as numerous as the reputed pupils of Liszt. The latest of which we hear is that just purchased by Mr. Jan van Oordt, from Messrs. Hart, of Wardour Street. It is a very fine Strad, of the grand pattern (1727), covered with beautiful soft red varnish. Paganini, it appears, bequeathed it to his son, Baron Achille, who died recently in Italy. J. B. Vuillaume acquired it from the Baron, and sold it in 1853 to the Comte de Vireille, who in turn disposed of it to Messrs. Gand, of Paris. Thereafter it passed into the hands of Patti's husband, Signor Nicolini, from whom it was purchased by Messrs. Hart. Mr. Van Oordt is now the happy possessor of two Strads.

THE Pall Mall Gazette, by the way, stated recently that Paganini's violin, preserved in the municipal buildings at Genoa, is "immured in porphyry." The idea is pretty, but quite fallacious. A correspondent has written to say that the instrument is bestowed in the red room of the buildings, in a semicircular recess on the right-hand side of the wall facing you as you enter. The recess is lined with rich pale-blue satin, upholstered with buttons, and is furnished with a stand conveniently constructed for the display of the violin — a Joseph Guarnerius. A sheet of plate glass in front of the recess effectually prevents all external contact with the instrument. The violin is occasionally taken out and played upon for its benefit by a local professor, but always in the presence of a representative of the municipality, who sees it carefully replaced.

Gounon's Requiem, which formed the chief novelty at the recent Bristol Festival, has been published by Messrs. Metzler. There is a melancholy interest attaching to this composition, for Gounod died at St. Cloud on October 15, 1893, at the

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precise moment that he was trying the Benedictus over on the piano. The Mass was to be performed at the Conservatoire during the winter, and M. Busser, the organist of St. Cloud, was at the instrument with the composer, discussing some points in view of the preparation of a piano score. Gounod, always a man of deep religious sentiment, seems here for the most part to be writing without effort, and with true devotional feeling.

The Music Lesson "record" has been broken again. Look at this: "FREE.—One Lesson (20 minutes) on Violin or Mandoline will be given to everyone who buys One Pound of Advertiser's 2s. Tea." It would be interesting to know who is retained to give the lessons, and where the lessons are given. Nay, there is even a difficulty about how the contract is to be carried out. As a contemporary remarks, one lesson takes twenty minutes, but twenty packets of tea can be handed over the counter in one minute if the thing is properly managed. Working at the rate of sixteen hours per day (wit! out intervals for meals), only forty-eight pupils could be taken. Would customers be allowed to take away the tea on the understanding that they should pay for it when their turn came for the lesson?

The organ-grinder has once more been the means of allowing the law to proclaim itself "a hass." It seems that a certain Mr. Shields, an artist, found that his work was being hindered by a street organ opposite his door, and he sent a message to the man of the handle asking him to stop playing. The man paid no heed to the request, and was given into custody. When the case came before the magistrate, that sapient individual dismissed the charge on the ground that Mr. Shields had not given the grinder a reason for requiring him to desist. The appeal was taken to the Queen's Bench, where the finding of the magistrate was actually sustained! So, then, we must give our reasons to the organ-grinder, who will no doubt perform the duties of a magistrate for us—give judgment against the

complainant, and go on playing! What if the grinder is an Italian and does not know a word of English? During the month there was another curious street organ case, in which a lady figured in defence of the grinder. She had asked the man to play, and what mattered it that her neighbours were annoyed! Here the magistrate took a sensible view of the situation. "If the lady wanted you to play," said he to the organ fiend, "she should have taken you inside her house"; and the Italian presently found himself poorer by thirty shillings. Many people are being driven nearly mad by these street organs, and nothing effective is being done to check the nuisance.

The desire of musical critics to embrace each other is such a rare occurrence that it ought to be placed on record. Mr. Joseph Bennett—we may presume it was Joseph—in his notice of the Norwich Festival referred to the Peer Gynt Suite, No. 1, as the "Greig hullabaloo," and as "one of those eccentric combinations of noises which, like Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries, are only excusable in connection with the stage." This pleased the critic of the Figaro so mightily that he has "longed to embrace" the writer ever since. The desire will no doubt be reciprocal, for what could please Mr. Bennett better than the Figaro man's declaration that "a more kideous piece of brutal barbarism" than Wagner's Ride does not exist?

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON wants to know why Brahms' works have not been performed at the Promenade Concerts "during the whole of the six weeks which these daily concerts have covered." Says he: "Not a single note has been heard of Johannes Brahms, incomparably the greatest, noblest, and most illustrious composer now living! Who is responsible for this extraordinary oversight, this unpardonable omission?" The answer is easily given. Brahms' works are not performed because it is said that either he or his publishers demand a big fee for the use of the score and band parts. This is assuredly not the way to court immortality.

## The Musical Pitch Question.

#### DR. RICHTER SPEAKS.

THE musical pitch question continues to be discussed in various quarters with a somewhat tiresome reiteration of trite common-places. Some time ago it was Leeds that was "drawing" the leaders on the subject in connection with a proposal to lower the pitch of the organ in the Town Hall there; now it is Glasgow that has been the means of adding to the discussion, and on exactly the same ground—the suggested alteration of the organ in St. Andrew's Hall. Without quoting the ipsissima verba of the various writers we give the substance of what they have to say.

DR. HUBERT PARRY thinks that the adoption of the continental pitch is not only desirable, but indispensable. It will give a chance to the human voice such as it has not had before. Young people will not have to sing everything at a higher tension than they would have to do in any foreign country during the most critical period of their development; and sopranos and tenors and

baritones will have a chance of training, instead of going to rags and tatters in the course of their education. The adoption of the pitch approved by all the greatest musicians of many generations will give those who have genuine musical taste a better chance. and will flatter less the vulgar hankerings of those whose taste is better illustrated and satisfied by cornet-à-pistons, and concertinas and banjos. When Continental pitch is adopted by the orchestra it must be adopted by organs, or the two forces will be at cross purposes. The divergence of pitch, which is almost inevitable here and there during the period of transition, is just one of the things that frighten the weak-kneed. It is inevitable because the expenses of the change must be spread over an interval of time. But it is not to be thought of that organ and orchestra can continue to be at different pitch in any place where they have to play together. Organ builders are perfectly conversant with the means of lowering the instrument. The pipes have to be shifted a semitone up throughout, and a new pipe supplied for the bottom note of each stop. The change is not likely to injure the organ in any

way, but on the contrary to improve the general effect, and make it more noble. Dr. Parry adds that no organ he knows surpasses in effect that at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and this instrument is even below Continental pitch. With regard to choristers, he truly remarks that there are many of the greatest musical works in existence which it is impossible to listen to without discomfort, by reason of the cuts and strain put upon the chorus singers, by the high pitch, and that, with the reasonable pitch, may be remedied. And it may be also anticipated that the chorus singers will show much less traces of exhaustion and effort, after the rehearsals for the big musical festivals, than has hitherto been too often apparent.

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE says his opinion on the question of pitch is well known, the normal diapason having been adopted at the two institutions he is connected with—viz., the Royal Academy of Music and the Philharmonic Society. In his connection with the Royal Academy of Music he had always felt that it was a positive cruelty to young singers to train their voices at so high a pitch. It is not fair, it is done in no other country, and he is sure that English voices must suffer from it in future years. This was brought home to him very forcibly last year, when they had a performance at the Academy of Cavalleria Rusticana; every B flat in the tenor part had to be sung by the young gentlemen, who sang it exceedingly well, as B natural, which was what no tenor in Italy would be asked to do, or at Covent Garden. It was this which determined him to throw whatever influence he possessed in favour of adopting the French pitch.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD is of the decided opinion that we must for every one's sake come down to the French pitch. Organs must be lowered to it, and the simplest way is by shifting the pipes one semitone up and slightly sharpening them, and supplying a bottom pipe for each stop for the lowest note. That will not hurt the organ in the least degree. It will be a great boon to chorus singers, and the salvation of solo singers, whom the present pitch is tending to convert into mezzo-sopranos and baritones; while the true soprano, alto, tenor, and bass are disappearing slowly but surely. Moreover, all the great works are written for at least French pitch. We must have it, and keep it when we get it.

SIR WALTER PARRATT begins in a somewhat poetical way. Music, he says, is the universal language, and it should be spoken everywhere so far as possible under the same conditions. It is absurd that a note which in Vienna, Munich and Paris means C should in London and Glasgow be practically a semitone higher. Moreover, it is the irreplaceable and delicate human voice which is the greatest sufferer by our unreasonable pitch. It would be easy to cite music where the lower standard would convert difficulty and disaster for the singers into comfort and effect. With regard to the organ, Sir Walter has no doubt that it would gain in dignity of tone by the change. The method of alteration must, of course, be left to the organ-builders, who would commonly insert a new pipe for the lowest note of each stop, and transpose all the others a semitone higher. Show pipes do not always speak their full length, and it would not be necessary to disturb the front pipes. The musical mind is now fixed upon making this change. Difficulties will have to be faced sooner or later, and it is for great musical centres to lead the way.

SIR JOHN STAINER thinks the high concert-pitch must be given up. But he much regrets that the prime movers in this matter did not adopt a medium pitch (say C=532). This is about midway between the French normal diapason and our concert-pitch, which is C=540 to 544. It should have been called the British medium

pitch, C=532. . . . A great opportunity of establishing a pitch of the most convenient kind has, however, been lost; and there is no alternative but to accept the comparatively unscientific French pitch and swim with the tide. Sir John Stainer is patriotic on the subject. He "should have thought English-speaking people were sufficiently numerous to have a pitch of their own, especially one which is scientific, economical and convenient."

MR. F. H. COWEN will not go even so far as Sir John. He is not in favour of the diapason normal being generally adopted. He admits that its adoption would cause less strain on the voice and render some choral works somewhat easier to perform; but this would be gained at the expense of considerable loss of brilliancy to the instruments in the orchestra. If the change in pitch is eventually to be generally made, it will be necessary that all our orchestral wind-instrument players should provide themselves with instruments which give naturally the A in the diapason normal, as the result from their present endeavours to lower their high instruments, as exemplified on many occasions recently, is far from satisfactory. Of course, wherever the low pitch is adopted, the organs in these concert-halls must correspond, but Mr. Cowen is afraid that this reduction of pitch, although not materially injuring the organs, will not be found much more satisfactory than in the case of wind instruments.

DR. BRIDGE is cautious. The question requires great care. He will no doubt have to consider it at the Albert Hall, and he does not wish to pledge himself until he has considered it. If a change can be made without injuring the perfection of our performances as regards perfection of tune and sufficient brilliancy, he would welcome it as a relief to singers. But at present he is not at all sure. Thus there are two sides even to this question.

These opinions are all interesting in a way, but much more valuable is the contribution made to the discussion by Dr. Richter. The eminent conductor says:

I think the simplest thing to be done is to take the bull by the horns at once, and to adopt the Viennese standard. Some years ago a very large meeting of influential musicians took place in Germany for the purpose of arriving, as near as possible, at some definite conclusion in this matter, with the result that the Vienna pitch has been adopted in Italy, Germany, Russia, and almost everywhere. This pitch is a complete full semi-tone lower than the one you are using here. There would be no reason whatever for hacking the organs about; all you would have to do is just to take one pipe from the top and place a smaller one at the bottom, alter the notation, and you thus move the entire thing a semi-tone. This, I think, is a good way out of the dilemma, because not only would it overcome the difficulty which stands in the way of a complete adaptation to a lower pitch here, but for instrumental purposes only it would be accepted universally. You must know that it is easy to transpose a full semi-tone, whereas there is no possible arrangement of musical transposition which will bring a correct musical calculation from the present English pitch to what we are told is the French equivalent, or diapason normal.

Dr. Richter's suggestion is by far the most practical that has yet been made. It could be easily carried out, and it would put us in line with musical Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia, leaving France alone out of consideration. Is it too late to lower our pitch a full semi-tone? The ease with which wind instruments and organs could be altered to the Viennese pitch is a very strong argument in its favour.

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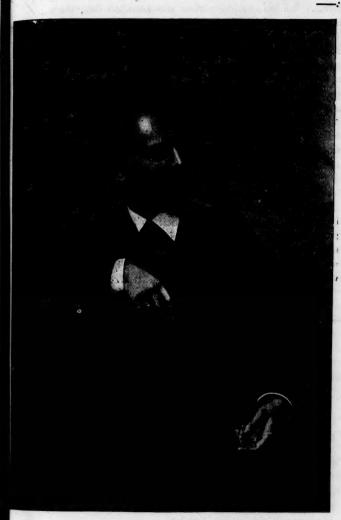
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### Eugen d'Albert.





F ever an artist came to London handicapped with reports of his past, that man was D'Albert. For years the press in England has availed itself of every opportunity to fire off witticisms, and to throw mud generally; and yet, despite it all, D'Albert has forced his critics to the acknowledgment of his undoubted claim to rank with the greatest living pianists.

Taking advantage of an acquaintanceship formed in Germany with D'Albert, I resolved to interview him recently in London, and to dispel, if possible, some of the erroneous ideas which have gained ground in England. I do not propose to treat on the subject of nationality; this has been the chief ground on which many of our critics have made most noise. True, D'Albert expressed certain opinions perhaps hardly favourable to England-or rather, English music - and we fly at him and abuse him unmercifully; yet perhaps he was right after all. Things are different to-day, of course, and we have made and are making great strides in musical matters; but formerly there was no doubt a good deal of ground for complaint. However, this is not the subject I purpose treating of. D'Albert at once acceded to my request to have a "chat" for the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, stating, however, quite clearly, that he did not wish to be forced into any of the old worrying

questions of birth or nationality. I told him my wish was also to avoid this, and that I chiefly wanted to get his impressions since he recently came to London. He expressed himself highly gratified with his reception in England, both publicly and privately, speaking of the warm welcome accorded to him all over Britain with evident appreciation.

. I expressed a hope that he would be a regular visitor here; he is wishful that it should be so, and as long as England wishes to hear him, so long will he come to us.

I have repeatedly heard it said, and indeed I believe the idea is prevalent in England, that D'Albert is conceited and self-satisfied. This is entirely wrong; there is perhaps no more modest artist of his standing. I would almost say he is too great an artist to be other than modest. I was most desirous to hear his opinion of music in England, but he reminded me that he had not yet had opportunities enough to be able to form definite opinions; from all appearances, however, our schools in England were doing excellent work, and he believed were making great headway. He also finds our audiences most appreciative and liberal with applause, but he is inclined to be sceptical as to whether they are always awarding it to mark genuine pleasure. D'Albert found his audience in Edinburgh the most cultured and genuinely appreciative; after Edinburgh, Manchester.

I asked his opinion as to the possibility of dispensing with Continental education (in whole or part) for our aspirants. On this subject he says there is no doubt, pointing out that although we may have excellent institutions and teachers here, we are wanting in atmosphere, which is quite indispensable to success; and he thinks pupils of talent should certainly be sent to Germany for a year or two. One point on which he spoke, and one quite worthy of note, was the fact that the greatest of German teachers have given all their time and energy to cultivate young talent irrespective of position. He pointed out how Liszt, Rubinstein, Bülow, and others had taught, and how much they had done for the cultivation and extension of music.

D'Albert is inclined to believe that we have plenty of what I might call raw material to work on, and that we only need to develop that, in Germany, to give ourselves the same opportunities as the Germans, and that we can hold our own with them.

I asked D'Albert who he considers the greatest teacher of recent years, and he replied, "Liszt, without question," pointing out the fact that, out of the great number of pupils under Liszt, nearly all were excellent players.

To my next question—namely, who was the best of living teachers?—he spoke of Leschititzky (Vienna), Yedlitzka (Berlin), Krause (Leipzig), explaining that I must not misunderstand him, for there were undoubtedly many other splendid teachers, but that he knew of the excellent work done by those he mentioned. D'Albert's favourite composers are Bach, Beethoven and Wagner—Bach as being the father of the school in which Beethoven became the greatest master, and Wagner as the creator of the modern school.

The suite played by D'Albert at his recent concert was, I learned to my surprise, written as long as fifteen years ago. We had a good deal of talk on composition. D'Albert's best-

known works are *Die Rubin*, an opera which has been performed on various stages with great success; *Giessmonda*, which appeared in Dresden; and the newest, *Gernot*, of which the score is ready, will be produced in 1897. To my question as to the adaptability of these works for the English stage, the composer seemed doubtful. He would like it, if it were feasible. If any would suit, it would be the newest (*Gernot*). There has been very little new music by D'Albert lately, except songs.

I had the pleasure of exchanging ideas and hearing many opinions on various other things; but these I am not at liberty to publish. I propose now just to run over one or two points bearing on this. First of all, let us look at D'Albert's playing of his compositions—these are essentially German; there is nothing in the style of his music or the grandeur of his interpretation which is not German. So, as his art is to me the chief point—by his art he is German. Let us glance at D'Albert as a player, I have heard him at various times and places play nearly all Beethoven's piano works, and I have come to the conclusion that, since Bülow, the greatest Beethoven interpreter is Eugen D'Albert. The great breadth, the majesty of the slow movements, the playfulness of the Scherzo and Minuets, and the beautiful melodious Adagios, want a power which few pianists possess. This power, or, rather,

combination of powers, D'Albert does possess; but perhaps the most wonderful thing of all is, that we now find him playing Bach, or Chopin, or Liszt, or Tausig, all with equal power. We have various players who are specialists, playing other things only in a very ordinary way. Not so with D'Albert; although Beethoven may be his favourite and his forte, he is able to take up any composer and hold his own with the best players of that composer's music.

Rubinstein, in speaking privately of modern pianists some two or three years ago, spoke of various well-known players, and then said of D'Albert: "But with him it is different—he plays better every year; and if any one living is destined to fill the shoes of Franz Liszt, that man is D'Albert." This from Rubinstein is in itself a mighty testimonial, and it seems like a prophecy. Those who have heard him play year after year for five or more years will realize the truth that each year he grows grander in his style and interpretation.

Let us cast aside all littleness of criticism, judge the artist by his playing, and accept D'Albert as he comes, letting no prejudice blind us, and the criticism must be—he is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living pianists. In parting with D'Albert I felt that if the man were better known, he would be even more appreciated.

H. A. THOMSON.





### Musical bife in bondon.



BISPHAM'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

R. DAVID BISPHAM gave his Farewell Concert in St. James' Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 31st. The audience was large and thoroughly representative, testifying to his undoubted popularity in London.

Mr. Bispham's contributions to the programme were as usual very varied—but, as ever, works of Art. By far the most important item on Saturday was Brahms' "Four Serious Songs," which were heard here for the first time in England. These must be given a place among the greatest of Brahms' works: the words are from Ecclesiasticus. Probably no composer since Schubert has possessed the wonderful faculty for depicting all phases of human feeling with such realism as Brahms. No. 3 is perhaps the noblest of all. The words to this are:—

O death, how bitter art thou unto him that dwelleth in peace, to him that hath joy in his possessions, and liveth free from trouble, to him whose ways are prosperous in all things, to him that still may eat! O death, how bitter art thou!

O death, how welcome thy call to him that is in want, and whose strength doth fail him, and whose life is but a pain, who hath nothing to hope for, and cannot look for relief! O death, how welcome is thy call.—*Ecclus.* xli.

The composer's wonderful conception of the contrast depicted here is one of his most powerful creations. Rarely has a finer sermon been preached in St. James' Hall than this. The wonderfully sympathetic tone of the poor man's welcome to death is masterful, and few who heard it will forget the rendering of the last words of this song, "O death, how welcome is thy call." Bispham here caught the intention of the composer to a nicety, and these words conveyed to us the last cry of a down-trodden one—a cry half of pain and half of ecstasy, as if heaven were already opened to him, and yet the pain of earth was not quite gone.

Those who know Brahms personally, will readily understand his taking up a subject of this kind, and his whole mighty genius finding vent in it, for here the man is speaking to us as he is in his life, showing us how his heart bleeds for the oppressed ones.

Mdlle. Landi, a vocalist of more than ordinary merit, sang some half-dozen songs charmingly. Mr. Johannes Wolff was the violinist, and Mr. Henry Bird the accompanist. All his admirers will wish him God speed.

#### THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

The Second Richter Concert took place in Queen's Hall, on Monday evening the 26th October, when an exceptionally large audience assembled, the Hall being literally packed from floor to ceiling.

The concert commenced with Wagner's Faust Overture, a work of great beauty and permeated with the wonderful genius of the Colossus, whose powers for the translation of legendary and imaginative subjects stands unequalled. The motto from Goethe's Faust, with which the composer has prefaced his score—

"Der Gott, der mir im Busen wohnt, Kann tief mein innerstes erregen, Der über allen meinen Kräften thront, Er kann nach aussen nichts bewegen, Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last. Der Tod erwünscht das Leben mir verhasst."

gives us the keynote to the whole work. The other Wagner item, Der Ritt der Walküren, was performed as only Richter knows how. Tschaikowsky's Symphonie Pathétique, which was first performed in England at the Philharmonic Society's concert on February 28, 1894, is a work full of intensest poetical feeling—the beauty of the themes and masterly instrumenta-

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tion combine in stamping it one of the greatest in the entire "Russian School." Das Goldene Spinnrad, one of the three new Symphonic Poems of Dvorák, promised us for the first concert, and omitted owing to the publisher's delay in sending the scores—is one of the poorest works ever penned by the great Bohemian master. It is said to be based on a legendary poem of Erbens, but one is more inclined to think it must be inspired by the need of hard cash. In short, it is unworthy its great creator. The remaining item was Richard Strauss' Humoreske, "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche." This work must be treated as a huge musical joke. Personally, I would rather have heard some of the great symphonic poems of the young genius—his wonderful Tod und Verklärung or Macbeth.

The Humoreske is of course scored by a master hand, for there is perhaps no greater master of modern instrumentation living than Richard Strauss—but even that could not keep us from asking:—

"It's clever, but is it Art?"

The third, and unfortunately the last, Richter Concert was held on Monday, November 2. Never was Richter in better form, and be it said he never used a score during the entire Concert. The first half of the Concert consisted of four Wagner items, namely, the "Vorspiele" to Die Meistersinger, Parsifal, and "Vorspiel" and "Liebestod" from Tristan und Isolde. A better selection, to show the variability and inexhaustible fertility of that master, could not be made. In Die Meistersinger "Vorspiel" we have a multi-coloured example of Wagner's capabilities—solid structures, in full, smooth flowing harmony, succeeded by majestically visionary suggestions of tender love scenes—and, at least, one striking example of the ease with which Wagner combined themes—in a way to turn our contrapuntists green with envy.

The Parsifal "Vorspiel" was last heard in London under M. Colonne, and one felt the futility of competition with Richter. The "Vorspiel" and "Liebestod" from Tristan is, of course, as amateurs know, the "Vorspiel" with the immortal "Love-duet" of the second act. Probably no work was ever penned to even approach this as a study of the power of music to convey the intensest feelings,—

"To souls oppressed and dumb with grief The gods ordain this kind relief, That music should in sounds convey What dying lovers dare not say."

So here lovers living or dying dared hardly say all that is contained in this wonderful "Liebesscene." It is the quintessence of human passion, defying all language, only to be conveyed by music; there is a depth of passion-earthly, sensual passion, terrible in its intensity-conveyed here, permeated with unspeakable sorrow and suffering, for "He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow," the wonder ful treatment of the various motif form one of Wagner's greatest claims to immortality. What could be greater, or what words could be found to give expression to the sufferings of Tristan on the one hand, and the sensuous love longing of Isolde on the other, as Wagner has here done, than the development of these wonderful themes, led up to the frenzied love declaration, followed (in the Concert arrangement) by the incomparable lament of Isolde over Tristan's body? There is a combination of sensations in this, a mixture of love and madness, a hundred different unspeakable thoughts and devices, as this Motif becomes intensified, reaching the climax with a passage dreadful in the passion and pain which constitute it.

Never has this work been better conducted in London than at this Concert, when Richter fairly excelled himself. The second half of the programme was devoted to Beethoven's Choral Symphony. This work is well known to amateurs, and must ever be held to be a great monument to the composer. I remember, in Berlin, Hans von Bülow insisted on this work being performed twice in succession, with only halt an hour's interval, his idea being that one could grasp its beauties better hearing it the second time. Remarkable as it may seem, despite the jokes which were made on this subject by all and sundry, not only did Bülow have his own way, but it proved a great success, few people leaving before the end of the concert. It was, no doubt, pretty hard work for choir and orchestra, but is an experience not to be easily At the Richter the choir was often weak, and forgotten. their part of the performance left a good deal to be desired.

The soloists were Mdlle. Henson and Fisk, and Messrs. Ed. Lloyd and Watkin Mills, who formed a very fine quartet and gave a splendid account of themselves.

THE PLUNKET GREENE AND BORWICK RECITAL.

Messrs. Plunket Greene and Leonard Borwick Recital.

Messrs. Plunket Greene and Leonard Borwick gave the first of their song and pianoforte recitals on Friday, October 30. I hope recitals will become very popular with London concert goers, and these two excellent artists are always sure of a hearty welcome. Mr. Plunket Greene sang various old German songs from the Reimann collection, two Schubert and one Schumann and Greig respectively. In the second half he appeared with Dr. V. Stanford in some of the latest arrangements of Irish songs. Mr. Borwick played pieces by Chopin, Brahms, Liszt, Tschaikowsky, all more or less well known, and an interesting prelude in F minor by the too little known Viennese, Nawratil.

These two concert givers deserve every encouragement alike from press and public—for they are doing first-class work to cultivate the appreciation of good music in England. Both are excellent artists—Mr. Greene having an unusual amount of feeling; and of Leonard Borwick we must be proud, for he is, without doubt, the first pianist in England. These gentlemen have announced three concerts for February and March, 1897, the first of these to be a Schubert anniversary concert.

SARASATE CONCERTS.

Perhaps there is no violinist who is so popular with English amateurs as Sarasate. Come when he will his followers are always ready to accord him a hearty welcome. One might enter into comparisons, but that would serve little or no purpose; for, in his own style, he (Sarasate) is inimitable. Personally, I believe a surfeit of Sarasate music would act like a surfeit of sweets—a little, judiciously taken, is delicious.

At the first concert (on November 2) we had Schubert's Rondo in B minor and Raff's E minor Sonata for piano and violin; four Slavonic dances of Dvorak, and the everlasting "Airs Écossais"—all too well known to call for comment.

The second concert (on November 9) was more interesting; Brahms' first Sonata (G major), and a little known suite of Goldmarck's, being splendidly played. "Le Chant du Rossignol" is certainly pretty, and very tricky; but, like Patti's "Home, sweet home," it is tiresome, even from Sarasate.

Of Dr. Otto Neitzel, the pianist, there is very little to say. As a musician one is bound to respect him, but as a pianist there is not much to be said in his favour. The impression he gives is that he has studied hard, and has gained a good deal of mastery of many technical difficulties; but his playing is laboured and cold, and one is involuntarily reminded of the Bertha-Marx-Goldschmidt combination.

The third and last concert is on November 30.

#### D'ALBERT RECITAL.

Eugen D'Albert gave a piano recital on November 7, in St. James's Hall. This artist came to us friendless and maligned, and has already fought his way not only to the honoured position of being able to gather an audience around him, but to force even the most bitter of his opponents to admit his high claims as a pianist. The programme at his concert opened with the Tausig arrangement of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor. This was followed by the Beethoven Sonata, op. 31. Since the death of Hans von Bülow, there has been no artist to equal D'Albert as a Beethoven exponent; in none do we find the same breadth and dignity. The other items were Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," a Nocturne and Scherzo of Chopin, and pieces of Rubinstein and Tausig. A most interesting number was the concert giver's Suite in D minor, a work written whilst the composer was little more than a lad. The form of this is similar to the classic suite, and the whole work is full of beauty, and has received scholarly treatment. The most interesting portions were, perhaps, the Courante and Gavotte.

#### HENRY SUCH'S RECITALS.

English violinists are none too plentiful, and we are, therefore, always pleased to welcome a new one. Mr. Henry Such is a valuable addition to the number, and has already gained much praise for himself by his two recitals in London. Mr. Such, who is an old pupil of Joachim's at the Berliner Hochschule, has had a good deal of success on the Continent, and comes to us with a very considerable amount of experience as a concert giver.

I will notice Mr. Such's next concert at greater length in the next issue.

#### SATURDAY "POPS."

The first concert of the season opened most auspiciously, when the house was full to the last seat. There is little doubt that Eugen d'Albert was the chief attraction on this occasion. The concert commenced with Mozart's Quartet in D minor, a work permeated with his happiest inspirations. Brahms' Quintet, op. 34, for piano and strings, proved most interesting. This is avowedly one of the master's greatest works, and, with such artists as Soldat, D'Albert, Ries, Gibson, and Ludwig, full justice was done to it. Madame Marchesi sang four songs with very great success, Brahms' beautiful little "Wiegenlied" being redemanded. D'Albert contributed the Appassionata, and certainly this work has not had a finer rendering in London for a very long time. The audience was most enthusiastic, and D'Albert had at last to comply with demands for an encore, and played the first movement of another Beethoven sonata.

At the second concert on the 21st the Brahms' Clarinet Quintet in B minor was the chief item. It recalled to my mind the performance of this work which I heard in the Hochschule in Berlin whilst the work was yet in MS. The string parts were taken by four of the pupils, Herr Mühlfeld playing the clarinet. The composer, who sat in the hall, was highly pleased with that performance, and warmly thanked the pupils. The reading on Saturday was a very fine one, and

Mr. Clinton's translation of the clarinet part was exceedingly good.

The pianist was Mdlle. Kleeberg. Personally, I do not know why this lady is so immensely popular in England. She is without doubt an excellent player, and has a great deal of natural talent. Yet there are many others who, to my mind, are equally deserving—and are English to boot—who surely deserve a hearing. If English players were inferior to others, then I would advocate wholesale importation of foreigners, but when in individual cases two players are equal—or as nearly so as it is possible to gauge—then I say it is affectation and injustice to ignore the claims of the home artist. It would be easy to point to many British players who are well worthy recognition, and yet are ignored. I do not by any means wish to depreciate Mdlle. Kleeberg as a player, only I think she belongs to a class which is not essential to the progress of art in England.

The vocalist at this concert was Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who left a good deal to be desired in his singing.

#### MONDAY "Pops."

The first of the Monday "Pops." took place on November 9. The programme opened with a Beethoven quartet (op. 74) for strings, and concluded with Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in G minor. The pianist of the evening was our senior English player, Borwick, who gave a splendid reading of the Chopin Sonata in B minor.

Madame Marchesi may well be satisfied with her splendid reception. Her voice is, without doubt, of wonderfully beautiful "timbre," and, when singing such a solo as Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," is heard to its fullest advantage. We shall have opportunities of giving fuller criticisms of all the artists at a later date.

#### QUEEN'S HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

A very commendable performance of the ever-fresh Creation was given by the Queen's Hall Choral Society on November 5. This was the first concert of the season; and if the same standard is to be maintained, we can offer Mr. Randegger hearty congratulations. The balance of the voices was exceedingly good, and the precision all that could be desired. The soloists were Miss Evangeline Florence, and Messrs. Hirwen Jones and Watkin Mills, who won fresh laurels by their efforts

The next concert takes place on December 3, when Samson and Delilah will be given.

#### THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The improvement in these concerts is becoming more marked every week, and the programmes give the really appreciative audiences every satisfaction. With the ordinary items performed I will not here concern myself, but there have been several more or less important novelties, which we must notice.

On October 24 we had a suite by Lalo performed here for the first time in England. This is music written for a ballet, and as such is full of characteristic matter. On November 7 we had another novelty to England—a Sinfonetta by Ferdinand Thieriot. This proved to be rather an interesting work, although containing little originality. I think there are many works new to England much more deserving of a hearing.

On November 14 and 21 respectively, the two most important works we have to notice were performed here for the first time. These are Nos. 2 and 3 of the three symphonic

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poems promised us for performance at the first Richter concert, and omitted owing to the publisher's delay. Mr. Henry Wood, with most commendable promptitude, has procured the score, and rehearsed and performed them with no loss of time. No. 1 was performed by Richter at his second concert, and proved to be a very poor composition indeed—altogether unworthy its creator. It is a pleasure to find that the remaining two proved to be not only better than No. 1, but in fact most highly interesting, and worthy the great Bohemian's reputation.

The first of the two-"The Water Fay" (Der Wassermann) -is founded on a legend, telling of a maiden who is spirited away by the water fay. Below the lake she lived, sorrowing at her lot, her only consolation being the babe born of the unnatural union, to whom she croons her longing to revisit her home. Her master flies into a passion at this, but ultimately consents, keeping her child as a hostage. A mournful meeting takes place between the maiden and the parents; then at twilight the sprite knocks furiously at the door, and demands his wife. He is repulsed by the mother, and a fearful storm on the lake is the result. As the wind howls, and the lake is lashed in fury, something is sent clashing with violence against the door. The mother opens, and picks up the headless body of her daughter's child. So much for the legend. Dvorak has set himself to put programme music to this, and with success. Rich in beautiful and descriptive scenes, coloured with the most varied orchestration, the story is told very plainly. The motif telling the maiden's sorrow is extremely beautiful. Although one does not care to give a final opinion after one hearing, yet I believe this work (No. 2) to be the finest of the three poems in question.

The third is also founded on a legend, and is entitled "The Noon Witch" (Die Mittagshexe). Here we have the same genius displayed by the composer for the interpretation of this descriptive class of work. The opening theme of this work, representing the child at play, is one of wonderful beauty and simplicity-the various pictures presented here of the child playing and weeping, and the angry mother calling on the witch; the appearance of the witch; the fear of the mother at this; the fearsome, gradual approach of this noon witch; and the swoon as the child is snatched from her; the hour of noon striking; the arrival of the father from the fields, to find his wife swooning on the floor, and the child on her bosom, dead—all these epochs are emphasized by characteristic motif, and are skilfully developed, and again the wonderful genius displayed by Dvorak for orchestral effects finds here ample scope.

#### D'ALBERT'S BEETHOVEN RECITAL!

To hear a great player is always good, but to hear a great player playing a great master as he only knows how to play him is better. Such was the feast offered on the 24th to concert goers when D'Albert gave a Beethoven recital. In my interview with D'Albert (appearing in this month's issue) I have stated that this artist must be considered one of the first, if not the first, Beethoven interpreter. This programme consisted of the Sonata, op. 27; No. 2, op. 53 (Waldstein); op. 109, 110, 111; and the thirty-two variations in C minor. It is needless to say more than that each and every work received fullest justice, every bar showed the love which the player felt for his task as he threw himself body and soul into it.

It is a good deal to ask a large audience to sit out five sonatas and thirty-two variations of one composer—even Beethoven—and only a great artist can hope to succeed. D'Albert succeeded, and I now repeat, more assuredly than ever, that D'Albert plays Beethoven as no other living pianist, can do.

#### MISS REYNOLDS' RECITAL.

It is always a pleasure to be able to say something nice for a débutante, to me more especially so when this débutante is British. Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, who gave a recital in Queen's Hall on the 24th November, is a native of the Emerald Isle, who has spent some seven and a half years studying in Germany, and under so many brilliant masters that we must expect a good deal from her. She studied from 1888 till the end of 1891, at the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin under well-known professors. After passing an exceptionally good examination; Joachim wrote a most kind letter of introduction and recommendation to Rubinstein on Miss Reynolds' behalf. The outcome of this was that she became a pupil of Rubinstein, with whom she studied until February, 1893. Then came several concerts in Germany and Holland, after which tour study was resumed with the well-known Leipzig Master, Krause. These studies lasted until 1895; and now Miss Reynolds has come back to the mother country, and, certainly, deserves success.

So much for the artiste, now for the concert.

It was rather unfortunate that the D'Albert Beethoven recital should have been on the same afternoon. The programme, taken all round, was a good one; it showed perhaps lack of knowledge of selection in some ways, but that is a detail. The playing was good. This young lady has a first-class technique, and is gifted with what is of much greater value—soul. Although I do not believe Miss Reynolds will ever rank with the first grade of players, yet there is no reason why she should not become popular both in London and in the provinces, and it is to be hoped that opportunities will be given to this and similar young artists at the promenade and other popular concerts.

#### MDLLE. HEYMANN'S RECITALS.

This young pianiste, who has just made her début in England under Mr. E. Cavour—deserves great praise for the undoubted merit shown in the three recitals recently given.

The programmes were all good, and laid out on the orthodox lines, ranging from Scarlatti and Bach to Liszt.

I found much more to appreciate in Miss Heymann's interpretations of modern music than of the classics. We have, indeed, few players who are able to do justice to Bach and Beethoven, or who can satisfactorily translate the work of Schumann. So with Miss Heymann, the dignity, the intellectual power of understanding these great masters was often wanting; but as soon as the romantic school came, Miss Heymann was at her best, and left very little to be desired.

One of the finest and most delicate performances was Elfenspiel, by Carl Heymann, a brother of the performer. If only for this, the player would be welcome in London. There is no doubt that with further development Miss Heymann will gain much that is still lacking, and become a first-class

H. A. T.



### Franz Schubert in Höldrich's Mill.

Translated (by special permission) from the German of Ludwig Speidel.

-:0:-

VERY Viennese knows well that favourite summer resort, The Hinterbrühl, with its long and broad valley, its country houses nestling in luxuriant orchards, the great quiet of nature, and the atmosphere of seclusion from the outer world.

Crowning this Arcadian retreat, as if to insure for it undisturbed quiet, is part of the "Wiener Wald," which seems to smile greetingly down on the peaceful scene, whilst its trees wave to and fro, and rustle their perpetual melodies.

Well known, too, to the Viennese is the unique old building, with its stiff, old-fashioned chimneys, which stands on the underpart of the road, where the Weissenbach and Gaden paths cross.

Past the flower and vegetable garden on the left side of this house, flows melodiously an artificially-fed stream, which, for centuries past, turned the mill wheel, but which, nowadays, in our very prosaic age, serves the less romantic purpose of supplying a neighbouring villa with electric light. On the front of the house the weary traveller is cheered by the comforting inscription on the sign-board, which reads:

"Gasthof zur Höldrichsmühle des Karl Lichtenauer." §

From time immemorial the mill and the inn have been connected, and indeed it is only a few years since the cheery clapper of the mill wheel ceased, alas! to be heard no more.

The mill has been in the possession of the Höldrich family since the Hinterbrühl is known to have been inhabited. A document exists dating as far as 800 years back, in which they are mentioned, and indeed it is a question if these sturdy millers could not claim a lineage as old as the Babenbergs and Lichtensteins, whose castles and graves are all around.

To-day the only born Höldrich there is the smart wife of the attentive host. The pride of Höldrichsmühle is a lovely garden, or rather park, of limes and maples, interspersed with broad, grassy lawns.

In the garden there is a little saloon. As in the grotto of Calypso, strains of music may be heard wasted out from this saloon day and night.

The greatest event spoken of in connection with the Hinter-brühl is the question of Schubert's sojourn in Höldrichsmühle, for there he is said to have lived and composed his Müller-lieder. The year of his visit is not definitely known, and from none of his biographers can anything positive on the subject be gleaned. The song cyclus, "Die Schöne Müllerin," written by Wilhelm Müller, the father of the famous Sanscrit scholar and the favourite of Heinrich Heine, appeared in 1821. A neatly printed and tastefully got up volume, with a yellow-brown cover encircled with a wreath of oak leaves, in the centre

of which a posy of wild flowers and a garden rose seemed to bloom; certainly characteristically German,—German too the whole idea of the intercalated cyclus of songs, wherein a lovely Jewish maiden's constant expectation of conversion to Christianity is most tenderly and pathetically sung.

If, then, Schubert composed the Müllerlieder in the Hinterbrühl, it is impossible that this could have been before 1821, for, as I have said, that was the year in which the poems first appeared.

One of Schubert's friends, Benedict Randhartinger, at that time secretary to a certain Graf Szechenyi, and afterwards music director to the court, tells of a visit he received from Schubert. Hardly had he entered the room before Randhartinger was called to Count Szechenyi; before leaving the room, he told the composer he would shortly return. Schubert appears to have gone to the writing table, where, finding a volume of poems, one or two of which he read through, he appropriated the book and left without awaiting his friend's reappearance.

Randhartinger on his return missed the volume, and the following day called on Schubert to return it, when he was shown, already composed, the first of the Müllerlieder. || One of Schubert's biographers asserts positively that several of the Lieder in question were written whilst the composer lay sick in the hospital. Neither of these statements, however, bears a date.

Nottebohm, in his thematic catalogue of Schubert's works, states that the whole cyclus of Müllerlieder belongs to the year 1823.

The fifteenth song is dated October 1823, and the complete cyclus appeared in 1824.

Schubert must then, whilst composing this work, probably in the summer of 1823\*\* (five years before his death, and at the age of twenty-six), have lived in Höldrichsmühle, if indeed he ever lived there at all, and, living there, worked on his Müller-lieder. It would indeed be delightful to fancy Höldrichsmühle as the birthplace of these songs, to think of the inspira-

<sup>||</sup> See Niggli's "Schubert," pp. 68, 69.

<sup>¶ &</sup>quot;Dagegen ist 1823 das Geburtsjahr einer ganzen Menge hinreissend schöne Gesänge, von denen der Cyclus, *Die schöne Müllerin*, in erster Linie Erwähnung verdient." Niggli, p. 68.

Schubert seems to have been in a most unhappy condition in the spring of 1824, for in a letter to his friend Kupelwiesser (who was then in Italy), dated 31st March, 1824, he writes: "Mit einem Wort, ich fühle mich als den unglücksten, elendesten Menschen auf der Welt."

In connection with the Müllerlieder, Schubert's friend Schober wrote, in reply to a dismal, complaining letter of Schubert's, sympathising with his ill-fortune, and, among other things, writes: "und auch deine Müllerlieder haben kein Außehen gemacht?"

<sup>\*\*</sup> Against this supposition is the statement: "Fierrabras, ausser die Overture, 23 Musik erhaltend, beendete Schubert in der kürzen Zeit vom 23tem Mai bis 26 Sept. und schrieb er auch noch die bereits erwähnten Operette, Der Häusliche Krieg und Klavier Stücke. See Reissmann: "Franz Schubert, sein Leben und seine Werke." (Berlin.)

If Reissmann is correct in his statements, then it is hardly possible that Schubert was in Höldrich's Mühle in 1823, for while composing the works mentioned, we know that he lived in Vienna.—H. A. T.

Reissmann gives 1824 as the date of the Müllerlieder. (See Biography, p. 150.)

<sup>\*</sup> Höldrich's Mühle. An old mill lying in the valley of the Hinterbrühl, near Baden.

<sup>†</sup> Although a translation, I have not aimed at a literal reproduction, and have introduced some original matter, so that it is really only founded on original.

<sup>‡</sup> Ludwig Speidel is known in Vienna as one of the ablest musical critics of that city, and an excellent musician. He is furthermore "joint Editor" of the Neue Freie Presse, in which the article appeared.

<sup>§</sup> Karl Lichtenauer's Inn. "To the Höldrich's Mill."

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tion drawn from the surroundings. Alas! it is almost too good to be true.

Still there are many traces of Schubert's existence there—for instance one room in the mill, with little trellised windows overlooking the garden, is never named other than "Schubert's Room"; it is a small room, made even more diminutive by the chimney passing through it, and is built in that style of rural Gothic, which, with German obstinacy, fights against anything like regularity in architectural design. Again, in the garden saloon, where his portrait hangs, he is said to have composed. In front of the house one is shown a "Schubert" lime tree shattered and storm rent, but still bearing fresh green leaves on its few remaining branches.

Possibly Schubert sat with his evening potion (Abendtrunk) under this lime tree, and dreamt, forgetting the prosaic part of his surroundings, and only conscious of the poetry of that wooded hillock above him, which, in the moist atmosphere, when the full moon lies on it, seems to breathe like a living thing. Or perhaps he wandered in the early morning through the Kienthal, on to the Anninger, and rested, after his hard pull up, beneath the shade of the ash trees by the spring; then through the woods, and down the steep and stony slopes to Gumpoldskirchen, where, after his exertion, a delicious refreshing draught was relished as nectar. Possibly then returning by the Husarentempel, to his room in the mill—if, we must again say, he ever was there. How willingly one strolls, dreams, and drinks with Franz Schubert, who was in all three indeed a master.

So much for one side of the picture; on the other one is inclined to be sceptical when one remembers that a musical play (Singspiet) "Franz Schubert," was produced in 1872 in the Carl Theatre, Vienna. This play was visited by many residents of the Hinterbrühl. In this work Schubert is resident at the mill, composes there his Müllerlieder; and once, there being some fair daughters of Eve present, tries to steal a kiss from a pretty little maiden, and is then promptly carried off to Vienna by his friends. It is possible that the good simple people from the Hinterbrühl took seriously the plot of a play, the scene of which was laid in their home.

It is wonderfully easy for such a fiction, after being told by these simple people from mouth to mouth, to be recognised as truth, and once accredited. Schubert in Höldrich's Mühle is an accepted fact, and the play is forgotten; facts spring from fiction; that is part of the psychology of the origin of legends.

As a final step to arrive, if possible, at the truth, I resolved to make a few circumspect inquiries from the oldest members of the Höldrich family.

In front of the mill stands a little wooden kiosk where Frau Rösel rules supreme and alone as vendor of tobaccos. She is a born Höldrich and about 70 years old, of a friendly disposition, with clever eyes and sharp intellect, and is fluent of speech. From her I hoped to gain some useful imformation, but she could lay no claim to any knowledge of Schubert. In her

youth she did not know him, but of late years she had heard his name gossiped about on all sides. She could therefore give me neither a final "yes" nor "no." She sent me to her younger sister, Frau Gaumannmüller, who might possibly know more about the subject than she.

At first Frau Gaumannmüller was very reticent to speak; the whole subject seemed distasteful to her. Meeting her, however, one evening in the plantation by Weissenbach, just as the blackbird was singing his last song, she grew more communicative. Not that she directly said Schubert lived in the mill-she only supposed it. In Schubert's time her uncle was the proprietor of the mill, and his three sisters-one of whom was the mother of my informant-" Die Schöne Müllerin"-looked after the household. The three sisters were: the little Rosi; Lisa (who till her 60th year has "such a fine complexion"); and the prettiest, Thekla, who died on her 30th birthday. Her opinion was that if Schubert lived there with so many girls there must have been a flirtation; and as the mother of the narrator afterwards became the miller's wife-Frau Gaumannmüller exclaimed angrily: "It worries me that they always talk about 'Die schöne Müllerin' (the Miller's pretty wife)-that was my mother; \* no, it is impossible; it must have been the Ross," and with that ended her information.

She then spoke of the age of her family, and invited me into her house to see a family portrait.†

After all I had seen and heard, I was not one wit the wiser as to the chief object of my journey—whether Schubert was or was not in the Höldrichsmühle. If he lived there, we may be sure he also composed there, if not the Müllerlieder, something else, for life and composition were to him inseparable. To come to a conclusion on facts is often a difficult—yes—impossible thing, and that which cannot be proven is often the

It is possible that whole flights (Ketten) of songs floated upwards from the heaven-inspired poet Schubert in Höldrichsmühle, and possibly some may yet be among us to whom it is given to hear the rustle of their wings as they ascend.

We fain would appoint as judge of this question the greatest musician of our times, Johannes Brahms, for he possesses the finest imaginable talent for tracing historical traditions.

Höldrichsmühle is one of his favourite resorts, where in spring and winter he loves to linger with a few kindred spirits, sharing with them his bread and wine.

According to his decision—his "yes" or "no"—we will decide that Schubert was or was not there.

<sup>†</sup> I have here omitted a considerable portion of the original, as having no direct bearing on the subject.



<sup>&</sup>quot;This portion of the original was in dialect, so I give here the original: "Dis gift mi, dass's immer haisst 'Die schöne Müllerin, do war's ja d'Muetter g'west, na, 's wird die Rosi g'west sein."

Frau Gaumannmüller's distaste for the whole story (which I previously mentioned) clearly lay in the fact that she resented the idea that her mother may have had "flirtations of any kind with Schubert."

### Anton Rubinstein, Gomposer and Pianist.



ASTER ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN, whose age does not exceed eleven years, and who is a pupil of M. Alexandre Villoing, will play a concerto on the pianoforte at the ensuing Choral Fund Concert. . ." Such is the announcement of the first public appearance in this country of one of the greatest artists of the generation, and one of the most remarkable pianists the world has ever seen. The notice appeared in the *Dramatic and Musical Review* for 1842, and the date of the advertised first appearance was May 20. As that paper is the only periodical that printed a criticism on Rubinstein's performance, I will give the notice in full, the more especially as it affords us a glimpse of his outward appearance, as well as his artistic personality.

Musical and Dramatic Review, May 28, 1842. "... Master Antoine Rubinstein, ... a Russian youth of eleven years of age, who performed a concerto on one of Collard's seven-octave repeater pianofortes in a style which earned for him the unanimous encomiums of the whole of the professionals, as well as the audience. His composition was arranged by Liszt, in whose school he may be said to have been educated; but he has in him that soul for good music [? a hit at Liszt], united with a wonderful capacity and power of execution which justly enable him to look forward to the attainment, not of an ephemeral popularity, but of a lasting and enduring reputation. His countenance, though somewhat impaired by a profusion of long hair, beams with frankness and intelligence, and affords an apt index of his remarkable talent."

Sir Henry Bishop—then Mr. H. R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—was the conductor. Such, then, is the notice of the first appearance in England of Anton Rubinstein. Since that day he visited us many times, the last occasion being in 1886, when he startled the whole musical world with the announcement of his perfectly colossal series of historical

recitals. Starting with English composers of the sixteenth century, as the earliest writers for the then existing form of, and precursor to, the pianoforte—thus recognising the initial move ment made in that direction by England-he went seriatim through the best part of the entire literature for the pianoforte, finishing with works by the young Russian school, including composers unknown in some cases even by name to tolerably well-informed musicians. This-a truly colossal effort-was intended to be Rubinstein's farewell as a professional pianist, for although he played a considerable number of times afterwards in various continental cities, it was always, I believe, in a, so-tospeak, unofficial manner - that is to say, the proceeds of such concerts (if any charge was made) were devoted to charitable objects, and never found their way into Rubinstein's own pocket. During the last few years of his life he restricted himself entirely to playing and conducting his own compositions, for which he has at times been subjected to severe and very ungenerous criticism.

For many sidedness, Rubinstein will compare favourably with any of the greatest names in art. Operas, profane and sacred; symphonies, concertos, chamber-music, songs, and pianoforte pieces, in all he has tried his hand, and in all has left us vast quantities of beautiful but neglected creations. As a melodist he is truly the Schubert of the present age. That his works do not please the majority I am perfectly aware, but Rubinstein's time will come, though it be not just yet. That he had many faults is freely admitted by even his most ardent admirers; but, it may be asked, where is the composer who has not? and, after all, faults are but the signs of our common humanity, and as such are always of more or less interest.

Rubinstein's remarks on Schubert might fittingly be applied to his own creations. "God created woman, the most beautiful of all His creations, but full of faults. He did not polish them away, being convinced that they would be outweighted by her excellencies." So with Rubinstein—for his melodies he may be forgiven everything.

Rubinstein's compositions are so entirely different from the majority of those by other composers produced during his own lifetime that the fact may account to a certain extent for their general non-acceptance. An entire absence of the sometimes somewhat consumptive-looking beauties, the hot-house flavour, the oftentime morbid tendencies of the age, and what I formerly described as "chromatic poetry," they are of a simplicity (both of harmony and outline) and strength,—which they often derive from that very simplicity,—and directness altogether exceptional at the present day. Even when Rubinstein depicts the ghastly or terrible, he does so in accordance with his own simple and naif manner.

Take, for instance, his incomparable Ballade for piano, op. 93, Leonora, on Bürger's poem of that name. Rubinstein depicts the whole poem, even the horrible ride, with a sense of the terrible, it is true, but with an entire absence of morbidness or sensuousness, most unusual with such a theme. In this respect I am convinced it is more in accord with the period in which the events of the poem are cast than it would at a first glance appear to be. We do not see the terrors of a modernhighly hysterical "Miss," who, I believe, would be more frightened at the incidents surrounding the poem than at the

main idea itself, which her more developed understanding would tell her was an impossibility; but we see more the terrors of such a simple but passionately loving—apart from mere wanton sensuality—Leonora as is depicted by the poet.

The same qualities are to be found, in a more or less degree, in all the best of Rubinstein's compositions. Simplicity, spontaneity, enthusiasm, passion, tenderness, and an inexhaustible fund of melody, all these are there; with them a never-failing breadth, sometimes approaching the colossal, as, for instance, in the variations op. 88, which are as a whole perhaps unequalled in that one respect in the entire pianoforte literature, though Schumann, in parts of the *Etudes Sym*-

phoniques, and the second movement of the Fantasia op. 17, or Beethoven, in the sonata op. 106, may occasionally show an equal breadth.

Niecks has truly said that breadth is rarely, if ever, wanting in Rubinstein's compositions. On the other side may be placed a carelessness in the selection of his materials and a want of refining polish that has militated much against his success. That Rubinstein was a hasty and exceedingly careless writer all must admit, but that he has been greatly neglected and undervalued is equally certain. His time will come, however, though, with the usual injustice of the world in such things, somewhat late.

H. O.



### Humorous Music.



IT we know to be essentially the power of drawing unexpected deductions from more or less commonplace premises. When the deductions are not incongruous with the subject in hand, we call them, and the man or woman who draws them, clever; when they are incongruous, and therefore touch our risible faculty, we feel them to be funny, and call their maker witty. Humour also deals with the incongruous, the unexpected. But its methods are different. The prime object of humour is to excite a certain state of feeling which we call the humorous; whilst wit has nothing to do with feeling of any kind, and laughter is only an indirect result. Legitimate devices of humour are exaggerations. strained meanings put upon words and the like, and they are simply mental horse-play, having nothing to do with pure wit. In the case of wit we are surprised at the way the thing is done, with humour we are surprised it should be done at all, But as wit is often pressed into the service of humour, so is humour often a stimulus to wit. May wit or humour work in music? Well, it has long been the custom to laugh at the ludicrous effect of the horn passages Beethoven has written in the Trio of his Septet—they are taken at such a pace that the horn makes comical noises merely instead of producing its true tone. And I might quote a number of similar cases. Humour is undoubtedly intended-is the mark hit? Well, in a sort of way I suppose it is. But the humour is of a very coarse sort; it reminds one of the man who poured the bowl of soup over an unfortunate waiter's head. And though we must admit that Beethoven was humorous in his music, yet I think most of us find the fun very slow. For my part I laughed heartily the first time I heard the horn spluttering in a maze of rapid arpeggios, but never since. It is the unexpectedness of the thing, and when one expects the unexpected-However, the main thing is that music can at any rate be in its way humorous. Can it be witty? Well, yes, it can, but only in one way. The parody is a form needing a brilliant wit to make it effective; and only in that form can wit handle music. Mr. Butler, as great an admirer of Handel as ever breathed, has parodied his favourite choruses in the most witty manner.

There is one reason why wit in music is not a lively business. Brevity is the soul of wit, length the soul of music. One cannot be brief in music, except in extempore pieces; and hence such pieces are generally much funnier than those carefully planned and worked out in detail.

A few weeks ago I attended a "humorous" night at the Promenade Concerts. Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" was one of the items on a programme which did not resemble the soul of wit in its essential. Now, I ask the candid reader if there is a single bar of that march that would not be in place in a serious composition. The music is of the most deadly serious kind. Gounod undoubtedly felt it to be funny. But he had in mind the marionettes parading about, getting drunk, and so on, and to him the solemn music had all the ludicrous effect of the incongruous. And there is only one way in which it can be made incongruous, and therefore laughable in public: the little comedy which it is intended to describe must be acted by marionettes!

After the Funeral March followed "The Friar of Orders Grey," and it struck me (for the first time) that in not a single comic song that I remember is humour even aimed at in the music. I cannot but suspect that the comic song was invented that people who could not recite passably might yet pose as funny men in the public gaze by dint of shouting their funny verses, for of course singing is never expected from the comic singer.

A "humorous" meditation on a German air by Scherz was the one piece of the evening where wit was intended. The composer took a simple German air and varied it, first as Bach might have done it, then in the Mozart style, and so on. The wit came in, however, only when he varied it so as to make it closely resemble an air by Weber or Wagner. And the wit was not of the brief order.

The Toy Symphony is irresistible at times. It is of course a capital parody by Haydn of his own style, but the fun lies in the comical noises uttered by the cuckoo, quail, nightingale, and the cheeky shricking of the penny trumpet. Mozart's "Village Musicians" is simply horse-play. The instruments play wrong notes, make their entries at the wrong time, and generally conduct themselves as if the players were drunk. But the thing is carried on far too long; and, besides, we have all heard it better done by a real party of amateurs. In that case we do not regard the proceedings as "humorous."

These are a few instances of the different ways in which music may be humorous or witty; and if my reader does not think he would find them so, he (or she) must remember that wit and humour deal in intellectual images with which music has nothing to do. He will perhaps say musicians should not write humorous music, and I am disposed to agree. Still, one can endure much for the sake of some delightful touches in Die Zauberflöte, and who does not remember the low F which Handel uses to describe the giant's "capacious mouth"? Such occasional fillips are charming; and if composers would confine themselves to that kind of thing, rigidly avoiding set funny pieces, no one would be found to complain of the seriousness of "humorous" music.

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### Our Round Table.



#### EXPERIENCES.

DR. LONGHURST, DR. LEMARE, MR. CHARLES FLETCHER, MR. T. E. SPINNEY, AND MR. WALTER BARNETT.

At Christmas time, stories are more seasonable

A word of introduction. than discussions, and I have been fortunate enough to prevail upon some of the knights of "Our Round Table" to give us some incidents from their experiences for this special Holiday Number of The Magazine of Music. Musicians are reputed to be good raconteurs, and those who have kindly responded to my invitation will certainly uphold that reputation. Please allow me, then, without further remark, to introduce the venerable organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

A few particulars of the first concert in which I Dr. Longhurst tells of his tells of his took a responsible part as one of the "proprietors" may be interesting to the members of "Our Round Table." It took place as far back as January, 1834, while I was yet a singing-boy in the same cathedral in which I now hold the position of organist. The scheme of the entertainment was rather a novel one in those days, and, so far as my knowledge goes, it has never become common even in these times when variety is so much sought after. It was announced as a "Concert and Fireworks," to be given by Masters C., L., E., L. and W., in the house and gardens of one of the cathedral choristers. The music consisted of instrumental selections, interspersed with songs, vocal duets, and so on, the former including some of Corelli's Trios, in which the violin parts were doubled, and the violoncello part played on a small instrument by the last-named boy, W. We practised hard at those trios, and the performance was a mingled success and disappointment. The music went off well, but the fireworks would not go off at all! What the cause of the failure was I am not prepared to say, but I know that when we repaired to the garden for our pyrotechnic display, squibs, crackers and rockets with one consent refused to act. I need hardly say that our next concert was given minus fireworks; and when I tell you that in the following April we appeared at the Guildhall, under the patronage of Lady Montressor, to an audience of three hundred people, and netted the very acceptable sum of sixteen pounds for our own use, you will see that our breakdown as pyrotechnists did not interfere with our success as musical performers.

In my early days my father held several country relates an organ appointments simultaneously—that is to say, experience. he "supplied" some four or five churches, presiding himself at the most important, and sending my two sisters, my brother and myself to the others. I was only a lad of about twelve years at the time of which I speak, but I have not yet forgotten one little episode in connection with my Sunday experiences as my father's representative. At Putnam Church, which my father allotted to me, we had morning and afternoon services. The organ upon which I played "St. Ann's," "Winchester," "Wareham," and such good old tunes, together with a limited number of easy voluntaries my father wrote for me, was once a barrel organ, and could be used as such on occasions when the weather was too severe for me to

make the journey. The cyphering at times was dreadful, and I remember how, in my youthful vanity, I used to whack the keys, lest it should be thought that the discordant effect was the result of my bad playing.

In addition to my duties as organist, I generally assisted the ringers, of whom there were but two—a man and a boy—to manage five bells, the man pulling three, one with each hand, and one with his foot through a noose in the rope.

Putnam being five miles from the town in which we lived, I used to take my dinner with me-generally a piece of meat and bread, salt in a screw of paper, and a piece of cake for the second course. Of this repast I partook in various placessometimes in the graveyard, the porch, the squire's pew, but generally in the organ gallery; and my favourite amusement was to roll up small pieces of the paper in which my lunch was wrapped, and shoot them into the pews below. One Sunday I had a chop, and the thought occurred to me, What shall I do with the bone? Can I shy it into the pulpit? No sooner had the idea flashed across my mind than I acted upon it. Into the pulpit went the bone. I heard the thud as it fell, and at the same moment saw the sexton (a woman) appear at the door. She had come to open the church for the afternoon service, and was presently followed by the ringers. Quickly gathering up the fragments,-for I was always shy about this matter of dinner,-I made my way to the belfry, entirely forgetting my chop-bone, nor did I think of it again until the service had commenced. Oh, dear! I seem to feel now the sensation of shame and confusion as the clergyman walked up the steps into the pulpit. What would he think of me? Would he conclude that I had so far forgotten the limits of decency as to eat my dinner in the pulpit? The idea was terrible; all my pride, all my dignity disappeared. I got through the service with considerable effort, and how glad I was to find on my return to the vestry that the rector had gone! For weeks the dread of being brought face to face with my humiliation kept a strong hold upon me, and it was a long time before I could bring myself to look the clergyman in the face. I never heard a word about the matter, however, from that time to this; but I seldom think of Putnam Church without wondering what became of the chop-bone I shied into the pulpit.

I once won a considerable bet—but it was for Fletcher tells some one else. At the time I was organist of the of a wager. parish church of Shipton Montague, a small place in Somersetshire. I had reached the mature age of nine years, and remember one night being taken out of bed at half-past nine, dressed, put into a carriage and driven to the house of the village squire. Arrived there, I was put through my paces in the following fashion. Placed in a room by myself, I was called upon to name the notes played upon a harmonium (!) in another apartment. Being blessed with a correct ear, I was able to do this, although the performer upon the harmonium did his best, by dodging up and down the instrument, to puzzle me. When I had gone through the ordeal successfully,

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I was taken into a room in which the master of the house, my father, and another gentleman sat, and told that I had been the subject of a wager for £50, which sum the squire was now pocketing as the result of his confidence in my powers. My share of the plunder? Oh, I needn't say anything about that.

As an organist with a record reaching back over Mr. Spinney relates his first half a century, perhaps my most interesting, or at experience with a church least my most amusing, experience was my first introduction to a church organ. It took place during my early boyhood in the small country village in which I was brought up. Up to that time, the musical portion of our parish church services had been conducted on the most primitive principles, and when it was reported that a certain wealthy gentleman residing in the place had promised to present an organ to the church, great excitement prevailed amongst all the inhabitants. I well remember the day when the churchyard was strewn with huge mysterious cases and great pipes of such gigantic dimensions that we wondered where the wind was to come from to blow them. Like the other boys of the village, I tried many times to get a glimpse of the wonderful instrument in course of erection, but was frustrated in my purpose by the vigilance of the sexton, who kept the door of the church securely locked against all juvenile intruders. Curiosity reached its height when one day sounds of groanings and squeakings were heard, proclaiming the fact that the organ was advancing towards completion. There were four or five of us boys together, and we resolved at all risks to see what was to be seen without further waiting.

The locks were still turned against us, so our only chance was to climb on each other's shoulders and peep through the windows. When it came to my turn to do this, I was no sooner hoisted into position, than one of the fellows gave me a push behind and sent my head through the pane. Alarmed at what they had done, my companions let me fall and ran away for their lives, leaving me bruised and helpless on the ground. Out flew the sexton, his face red with anger, and as I was the only delinquent near, he vented all his wrath upon me, giving me the sharpest thrashing I ever had in my life. I went home a sadder, if not a wiser, lad, vowing to have my revenge upon the organ and everybody connected with it. When I add that, as a youth of eighteen, I began my career as an organist upon that very instrument, you will readily believe that I kept my vow.

Mr. Barnett Mine is a Christmas story—and yet it is not concludes with mine at all; it was told me by my old friend, Billy at all; Brace. A good many years ago, Billy and I were colleagues; he was parish clerk and sexton; I was organist at —. Which of us was the superior officer was a moot point; Billy considered himself the more important, and I—well, you know what young organists are.

I called at Billy's house one Christmas Eve with the keys of the church—I had been having some organ practice—and found him and his wife busily occupied in unpacking a hamper, which was filled with all kinds of seasonable dainties.

"You've got a kind friend somewhere, Mr. Brace," I remarked. (I seldom ventured to call him Billy, or even William, to his face.) "What a stock of good things!"

"I suppose, now, you couldn't guess where that hamper came from, sir," he said, looking up from his unpacking with a knowing expression on his good-natured face.

"I couldn't, indeed," I answered.

"Well, as likely as not, you've heard of Signor (he pronounced it Sig-nor) Carlini, the singer."

I nodded.

"Of course you have. Everybody's heard of him, and he's the man that sent that hamper. You may look surprised, sir, but it's the truth, and it's the truth that he has sent me a hamper every Christmas for the last five years. He's a pretty big man now, but is never likely to forget the time when he first met Billy Brace. Perhaps, if you haven't heard the yarn, you'd like to?"

I took the chair his wife dusted for me, and was all attention while the old man told me his story, which I will try to-

repeat in his own words, merely altering names.

"Well, it happened on a Christmas Eve, nearly twenty years ago, I should say. In those days I was leader of the choir here. We had no organ; just a clarionet, a fiddle or two (when we could get them), and an instrument we used to call a 'serpent.' Every Christmas Eve we went round the place singing; and this particular night we were running through one or two carols before starting. Our trebles were terribly weak, owing to one of the girls (they were girls then) being laid by with a cold, and when we tried the high notes of 'Christians, awake!' we broke down completely.

"'That won't do,' I said, and everybody else said the same.
"We tried again, but it was no better. Somebody proposed we should cut it out altogether, but that wouldn't do, because

it was the rector's favourite hymn.

"Just as we were puzzling our brains what to do, we heard a voice outside singing for all the world like an angel. Everybody was silent directly.

"Christians, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born!"

"It was the very old hymn we had been trying, sung as we had never heard it sung before. We didn't wait for the finish, I can tell you. I went to the door, and there stood a little chap with his ears squeezed into his shoulders, and his poor cold hands stuffed into his trousers pockets. He looked and smiled at me as bold as ninepence, and accepted my invitation to come in and warm himself readily enough. Of course we asked him to join our party, and he did. He had no friends, it seemed, so my wife made him up a bed, and he stayed with us not only that night, but a good many more.

"I expect you have guessed the rest of the story, sir. The
— Cathedral folks heard of the youngster's voice, and very
soon snapped him up. He stayed there three or four years
till his voice broke, and used to come over and see us whenever
he could. One day he said he was leaving the cathedral, and
that a rich gentleman had promised to have him educated as a
singer. Not long afterwards he went away to Italy or some
foreign place, and the next thing we heard of him was that he
had taken the name of Signor Carlini, and was coming out as
a big star in London. He's too great a man, I guess, to come
and see the likes of us now, but he never forgets us at Christmas time."





### The Violin Maker of Gremona.



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A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

(Adapted from the French of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.)

By ANDREW DE TERNANT.

CHADACTERS .

TADDEO FERRARI (Master Violin Maker).
FILIPPO
SANDRO
(His pupils).
GIANNINA (Ferrari's daughter).
The Corporation of Violin Makers.
PLACE AND TIME: Cremona, about 1750.

SCENE.—A violin workshop of the eighteenth century. In the background, glass partition, with a door opening into the street. Several stringed and other musical instruments are exposed in various parts of the workshop. On the left is a counter, and on the right a sofa near a table. In the background to the right is a music-stand. Two doors on the right and left of the stage.

TADDEO FERRARI and GIANNINA discovered as the curtain rises.

ERRARI (Slightly intoxicated).—No, Giannina, I have taken an oath, and I mean to abide by it. As truly as I am named Taddeo Ferrari, master and patron of the violin makers of Cremona, and delegate and banner bearer of the men of my trade, you will be married in this manner.

GIANNINA .- But father . . .

FERRARI.—I behave very reasonably. Our old Podestat who recently died—may Jesus receive him with His infinite mercy—desiring that the renown of string instruments made in our old and famous city should alway retain their reputation, has bequeathed his golden chain to the man who will make the best violin in the town. The competition is open, and will be held to-day. I am only a simple artisan, but I have been inspired by his example, and in the presence of the violin makers of this town I have promised to give my daughter and my business to the man who shall win the golden chain. It is all settled, therefore not another word.

GIANNINA .- I have told you that I love a young man.

FERRARI.—Sandro! You will forget him. He is supplanted.
GIANNINA.—But pray, if he was an unknown artist, or a scamp

not worthy of your esteem.

FERRARI.—A clever workman is always an honest man.

GIANNINA.—A lazy vagabond, who never thinks of the future.

FERRARI.—Receiving higher pay, he is not compelled to work so often.

GIANNINA.—A brute who strikes women! There are many.

FERRARI.—If he has no peace in his own house, I approve of his action.

GIANNINA.-A drunkard, made heavy with wine on Sunday?

FERRARI.—And what am I, my daughter, on Monday? Have some respect for those who drink to the prosperity of the October vintage! A good musician should never be sober. One must not give the lie to a popular saying.

GIANNINA.—But, suppose he were so eccentric as to refuse my hand? . . . What then?

FERRARI.—By St. Cecilia, the rascal would be very difficult to please. No! no! A good match like you, Giannina, is not to be found every day. Two thousand Lombard crown pieces are not to be despised, and this is thy dowry, my daughter, with the connection of the beloved pupil of Stradivarius. Besides, I have faithfully promised. . . . Therefore we will cease this discussion. I am old, not so active as before, and I require a successor. The laureate will have my daughter and my business.

GIANNINA.—If the winner—it makes me laugh to think of this dream. But, however, if it was your little pupil Filippo?

FERRARI.—I should not be very much surprised. And if he brings me the Podestat's chain, you will marry him the next week.

GIANNINA .- Marry Filippo? A hunchback?

FERRARI.—I have good enough sight to perceive; but, even though he were doubly so, that should not trouble you. Besides, Filippo is a straightforward and honest fellow, obliging, and ready to render any service. He has a sad look, and a hunchback, it is true, but he is a great artist. He is a musician like Palestrina. I am a severe critic, but I still remember the little concert he gave us. How I listened to his playing, while gazing at my glass full of old Asti wine. His playing has so much melancholy and charm, that I felt coming down my cheeks two big tears. I tried to restrain them, but in vain, and for once in my life I watered my wine.

GIANNINA.—I esteem Filippo as much as you do, father. I pity him, and do my best, I hope, to make him forget, by the power of kindness, his unhappiness, misery, and deformity. I still remember the winter day when Filippo knocked at our door for a a piece of bread: But could I love him? Come!

FERRARI.—Hem! hem! If you have no more serious objections, let things remain as they are. In the meantime I will go into the cellar. I must select some old crusted bottles for that grand day.

GIANNINA.—Shall I go? The staircase is narrow and dangerous. You might stumble, and I can attend to it immediately.

FERRARI.—No, I can find my way coming up again. Leave it to me, because the greatest pleasure before drinking a bottle of wine is to go and fetch it yourself.

(Goes off to the left.)

(GIANNINA, who is alone for an instant, sighs; SANDRO then comes in from the left, carrying a violin, which he places on the counter to the left.)

SANDRO.-Well, Signorina!

GIANNINA,-Sandro!

SANDRO (Taking her hands).—What news? Is the master still determined to marry you to the one who proves himself to be the best workman?

GIANNINA .- Alas! more than ever.

SANDRO.—What extreme folly! But have you told him how much I love you, and that if I plead in vain for your hand I will die? What was his reply?

GIANNINA.—I will soon forget you, he said.

SANDRO.—The cruel monster!

GIANNINA (Pointing to the violin).—Have you finished your masterpiece?

SANDRO.—Alas! it is my last hope, and to-day at the town hall the judges will decide my good or ill-fortune.

GIANNINA.—At least, are you satisfied?

SANDRO.—It depends. I am a competent workman. I have made a violin according to the rules of the art, correct in its four octaves, pure in its subtle tones, and profound in its grave tones. I have selected the best wood, strings, and varnish; and it is an instrument, I believe, worthy of a master.

GIANNINA.—But then you will have the prize, Sandro.

SANDRO.- Perhaps.

GIANNINA.—But you will have the prize! Come. Why doubt it? Who is the rival you fear? My father is the first artist of Cremona, and it is under his guidance, Sandro, that you have learned. Besides, it is my desire that you will have the prize.

SANDRO.—I fear no rival from another workshop. But I fear one in our workshop.

GIANNINA.-What! In our workshop?

SANDRO.—Yes, the hunchback! And I cursed the day when you received him into your house!

GIANNINA.-Filippo stand in competition!

SANDRO.—The little viper! He informed me of the fact yesterday before your father.

GIANNINA.—My father told me in fun that if he won the prize I must accept him as my husband.

SANDRO.-Didn't I say so?

GIANNINA (Laughing).—I implore my patron saint, in that case, to protect us !

SANDRO.—He believes you are free; and it may be that he nourishes some hope.

GIANNINA.—Oh! say not so. The poor fellow has never wronged you. He desires the golden chain and the title of master. That he should be ambitious, we have no right to object; but he knows better than to demand my hand.

SANDRO.—What if he comes out victorious from the examination room? Oh! I have never suffered so much in my life. I have an unalterable horrible sentiment.

GIANNINA.-What do you mean?

SANDRO.-I am envious!

GIANNINA.-Envious; you, Sandro! It is impossible! You! SANDRO.-Yes, I am, because I know the merit of his work; and soon all the violin makers in the town will be the same. Alas! it was the other night, I was at my window, and I thought of you before the summer sky. In the garden, along the peaceful shades, a nightingale was singing, and his pearl-like notes ascended passionately to the starry firmament. Suddenly, I heard in the hollow vaults of shade another song as divine, as sublime as that of the bird. Bending forward, I discovered the hunchback alone in his garret, seated before a music-stand with a bow in his hand. His violin, with a nearly human accent, expressed tones of love and melancholy, which vied with sweetness the voice of Philomela. The plaintive instrument and the sentimental bird sent forth alternately into the night air their crystal notes; and it would be difficult to decide which was the most beautiful, the violin or the nightingale.

GIANNINA.—The success of a rival made you also sad!

SANDRO.—Alas! it was the irritable anger of an artist. But if he receives so much support and encouragement from your father, and is finally awarded the prize—

GIANNINA. —It is you I love, and not him. Besides, I have promised to be your wife, and I will not marry another man.

SANDRO.—By heavens! What a gentle and generous heart! GIANNINA.—To show my sincerity, here is my hand.

SANDRO (Kissing her hand).—Thank you.

(A noise heard without.)

GIANNINA.—What is the meaning of this uproar?

(FILIPPO enters hastily from the back of the stage, and vigorously closes the door of the shop).

FILIPPO (Out of breath).—Oh! at last, here I am? The little rascals! I thought they were waiting for me.

GIANNINA.—What is the matter, Filippo? You are out of breath. Why in such haste?

FILIPPO.—The wicked urchins pelted me with stones and broken bottles. There is the proof of it. No wonder I feel faint—(Showing his hand)—Look—

SANDRO.—You are bleeding.

"GIANNINA.—Some water—quick!—(She runs for a water-bottle and glass.)

SANDRO.—Tell us how it happened.

FILIPPO.—Ah! zounds; it was very simple. There were fifteen or twenty schoolboys—a lot of good-for-nothing rascals—in the act of stoning a poor lame dog against a wall. I felt deeply moved with grief at this shocking sight, and I implored them to have pity on the poor animal. This only excited their anger, and they forgot all about the poor dog. They thought it more amusing to throw stones at the hunchback. I was followed—through the streets, and was nearly killed by the young rascals. But for-

tunately I saved the life of the poor lame dog (He falls fainting on the sofa).

GIANNINA (Passing a wet handkerchief on the forehead of FILIPPO).—The vagabonds! They should be severely punished. Poor fellow!

FILIPPO (Aside).—Her hand on my forehead! Oh, delicious! GIANNINA.—Are you better?

FILIPPO (Rising with much emotion).-Thank you. I am

SANDRO (Aside).—Really. There is too much emotion for thanks. I am not mistaken. He loves her.

(TADDEO FERRARI enters a little more intoxicated than before and carrying a basket with bottles.)

FERRARI.—It is strange! It is more than twenty years, my friends, since I have classified my two kinds of wines in a well-covered corner—red seals on the right, and green seals on the left. No one except myself ever enters that cellar, because I have got the key in my pocket. Well, what do you think? My wines have played me tricks and changed sides. Dear me! Are my bottles giving way to a fit of disorder and unruliness? It seems so, because I do not know the left from the right.

GIANNINA.-My father. . :

FERRARI.—My girl. . . Well, I have been looking for you. By-and-by, when they have scraped the fiddles, and your future husband is selected, I will give a dinner to all the violinmakers in the town. Come along and brush me up for that occasion. Come along!

(He goes out to the right, followed by GIANNINA.)

SANDRO.—The time is approaching.

FILIPPO.—Yes, comrade.

SANDRO.—Your violin is ready?

FILIPPO.—It is.

SANDRO.-Are you satisfied?

FILIPPO .-- Yes, perfectly. And you?

SANDRO.-No! I cannot say that I am.

FILIPPO.—So much the worse. In the courteous and friendly competition, that which would have consoled me if I failed, would have been your success, my dear friend. Come, Sandro, will you shake hands?

SANDRO (confused).-No!

(He goes off suddenly.)

FILIPPO.-He is envious! There is trouble commencing! He suffers, and I must forgive him. But, why can we not be friends and rivals? These fantastic scruples betray a nerveless, vacillating mind, unfit for any great or noble work. . . . Poor dear violin! I am like you, a delicate instrument in an imperfect case. (He takes out of a cupboard a violing which is enclosed in a red case, and places it on the table.) Dear creation, I have worked on you day and night! Gentle instrument, your profound breast will presently burst forth the scherzo that prattles, and the lento that sheds tears. You will soar at once to fortune's topmost height, and will pour out the sublime concert that reposes in your bosom. But, before I say farewe'l, I implore you, noble and dear instrument, not to forget the one who gave you that beautiful and passionate tone, and the poor hunchback who has breathed his very soul into thee. (He replaces the violin into the case.) But what a child I am! And then, no, I am deceiving myself and smothering in vain my sentiments. Poor fool! It is not alone for glory that I am desirous of winning this victory, and for which I have laboured day and night; it is for her, the charming and beautiful Giannina. She is an artist's daughter, and when I have presented her the golden chain, she will be high-minded enough to think of my talent, and forget my deformity. Oh! I must dismiss from my mind this idle dream. It will kill me!

(Enter GIANNINA.)

GIANNINA (Aside).—He is alone. . . . Ah! I must speak to him and find out if there is any hope for Sandro. (Aloud)

FILIPPO (Starting). - Heavens! Giannina!

GIANNINA.—I must be angry with you, Filippo. Why did you not tell me all about it.

FILIPPO.-What?

GIANNINA.—That you intended to compete for the prize.

FILIPPO.—I crave your pardon, Signorina; I had not the courage!

GIANNINA.—But you have constructed an instrument, which, it is said, will certainly gain the prize. The musical world proclaim it a masterpiece. . . .

FILIPPO.—I have done my best, I must confess, and I am almost certain of success. (Showing his violin.) The other violins may look as good in appearance, but none will surpass the splendid tone of this instrument. I was fortunate enough to discover, in a wakeful night, the secret of making the famous varnish of other times.

GIANNINA.—What! the famous varnish of the old masters? . . . FILIPPO.—I have discovered it, and I will to-morrow, in generous emulation, present the recipe to all the competitors. Let me tell you, that my work is equal to any violin constructed by the illustrious Amati. It has the same tone.

GIANNINA (Aside).-Alas! poor Sandro!

FILIPPO—(Taking the violin out of the case).—Just listen a moment to the sound of the la.

GIANNINA.—Why not play a tune! I shall be able to express a more decided opinion on the tone of the instrument.

FILIPPO (Aside).—Heavens! Can it be that she is anxious for my success. (Aloud) Really, Signorina, you insist?

GIANNINA.—Yes, Filippo. (Aside) I will find out if there be no deceit in all this. . . .

FILIPPO.—I will play, if it pleases you, the Sonata in G, of Corelli? Now listen.

(DUMB SCENE.—FILIPPO performs on the violin the first bars of a grave and majestic theme; GIANNINA listens attentively, and then with evident emotion, and afterwards she hides her face in her hands and weeps bitterly.)

FILIPPO. (Starting).—What do I see? You are crying! I have moved you to tears,—what need I Giannina, of further glory? Ah! what prize is more precious to me than those dear diamonds which fall from thine eyes!

GIANNINA.—Spare me, Filippo! . . . Oh! thou art most deceived. I understand your artistic ambition and share it, but anguish o'erwhelms my soul!

FILIPPO.-What is it I hear?

GIANNINA.—I will, no doubt, cause you pain; but you will pity me, I am certain, when I tell you, my good and old friend, that I love another, and now all my happiness is destroyed by your success.

FILIPPO.-Ah! you love another? . . .

GIANNINA (Softly) .- Yes! . . .

FILIPPO.—Sandro! . . .

GIANNINA.—You see I have confided to you without hesitation the secret of my life. . . . But be merciful, and forgive me. . . . (Weeps bitterly.)

FILIPPO.—I share thy grief, Giannina . . . but chase away despair!

GIANNINA (With great emotion).— Poor friend, your art will at least console you. All is over. I have no more sorrow. I was mad. It is well so: love for him, and universal fame for you. Sandro will be my husband, and Filippo will achieve a European reputation. You are the great artist I admire (Taking his hands). Would thou but cast one smile upon a poor heart! I am not crying now. . . I want to—I must. . . . You see, I am smiling (Suddenly sobs bitterly). These tears must thank thee, for I cannot speak!

(Exit.)

FILIPPO (After a moment of melancholy meditation). — Well then, what? It is all over. . . . She loves another, and I was not aware of the fact. I must have been blind. Blind and mad! Go and hide yourself, hunchback, in some hole! She loves this

Sandro? Let them be happy together! You, Filippo, will have to suffer and die of a broken heart! Oh! what a blank! It seems to me that my spirit has flown away. What would it avail, now, of taking part in the competition? I shall not compete. Sandro is, I believe, after myself, the most able violin maker in the town. Let him have the prize, and may he be happy with Giannina. (Taking his violin and gazing at it intently.) Oh! thou hast raised a storm within my breast . . . but I must crush thee (shuddering). But what an idea! . . . Oh! who scorns the state allotted him by heaven? Another violin maker of Cremona may win the prize, and marry her. No, no, that would shame the most heroic actions, and my soul recoils! These two instruments are similar in construction; and I can place my own violin in Sandro's case. He has not enough musical soul to distinguish my work from his own. Courage! Render him this supreme service. (He opens the two cases, and places Sandro's violin in the red case, and then after a deep sigh places his own in the black case.) Farewell for ever, my masterpiece, my son! I may pardon myself for this last weakness, because in this chest, narrow and black like a coffin, I believe, in placing you with a mournful heart, that is my dead child I lay peacefully in the tomb! (He closes the case with a bang; and with a low voice.) It is finished.

(FERRARI enters from the background.)

FERRARI.—Now then! Sandro . . . Filippo . . . the hour is approaching, and you are not ready! . . . Oh! semi-demi-semi-quaver!

(SANDRO enters from the right.)

SANDRO.—Yes, master!

FILIPPO—(Pointing to the two cases). Here are our two cases ready.

FERRARI.—I wish you good luck, my children. I am a master, and the vulgar crowd of competitors may rub their wretched fiddles with resin as hard as they please! . . . One of you will certainly win the prize.

SANDRO.—Therefore, master, let us depart! FERRARI.—Certainly; are you ready?

SANDRO.-Will you follow me, Filippo?

FILIPPO.—No, comrade. Listen . . . wherever I show myself, I am insulted by urchins on account of my deformity. Will you oblige me by taking my work with yours. The Town Hall is only a few minutes walk from this place. Show no ill-feeling to a loyal opponent. (SANDRO takes, while turning his head, the hand offered him by FILIPPO.) Come, come, Sandro, render me this service!

SANDRO.—Yes.

FILIPPO.—Thank you!

(SANDRO goes out, with the two violin cases under his arms.)

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FILIPPO.—(Aside). The sacrifice is made. Ah! how much courage is wanted? (Aloud to FERRARI.) The judges will shortly award the prize to Sandro.

FERRARI.—But Sandro has not won the prize yet, and you may win the golden chain. Have you less talent and less intelligence than he? . . .

FILIPPO.-No; but you know, I have no luck!

FERRARI.—No luck! What do you mean? Listen to me... if you win the prize, I will keep my promise, and I will select you as my son-in-law and successor.

FILIPPO. - Master. . .

FERRARI.—No more need be said. I know your character, and you will be, I believe, a good husband to my daughter. No more arguments! We must not forget the competition!... Where is my stick? ... I am late, and I must depart. (Exit.)

FILIPPO.—I long for the whole affair to be over. (Perceiving GIANNINA, who enters from the background, carrying a cloak, and holding in her hand a prayer-book.) Giannina! . . . again!

GIANNINA.—Filippo, I have just returned from church. My object was to—forgive me, my heart is so full of sorrow!—pray that Sandro, in spite of your kindness, may be proclaimed victorious.

But, when I knelt before St. Cecilia, my grief, my sighs, and my tears, were weak and powerless. Filippo, still atonement may be made. Heaven is merciful! Good-bye for the present! We must, we must meet again!

(Crosses the stage and exit.)

FILIPPO.-Alas! how she loves him!

(SANDRO enters hastily).

SANDRO (Overcome with sorrow) .- Filippo! Filippo! . . .

FILIPPO.-Why is the matter? Why those tears!

SANDRO.—I have committed a crime. I am a wicked wretch! Oh! forgive me! forgive me! . . .

FILIPPO.—My friend! what have you done? . . .

SANDRO.—I am a heartless villain, Filippo! I have opened the cases and changed the violins.

FILIPPO.—You have?

SANDRO (Kneeling). Yes! I do not deserve your pity. I deserve punishment.

FILIPPO.—Sandro, you are already punished!

SANDRO.-What say you?

FILIPPO.—The glory, due to my masterpiece, I ceded to you, and you returned it to me.

SANDRO.-How?

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FILIPPO.—I previously exchanged the instruments, in order that you might win the golden chain and marry Giannina.

SANDRO.-Why did you do this?

FILIPPO.—Because she loves you, and I did it for her sake . . . and yours, my friend.

SANDRO (Rising).—I have committed a dreadful crime. Say one word, and I will leave this place for ever. If Giannina forgets me . . . well, then, I subside to Providence. You will make her love you, and you alone are worthy of her. . . I depart. . . . I must depart. . . .

(A voice heard without.)

FILIPPO.—No, stay! Obey me!

(TADDEO FERRARI enters from the background and raises his hands to heaven on perceiving FILIPPO. He is followed by the corporation of violin makers, and two pages, one carrying a golden chain on a cushion, and the other FILIPPO'S violin ornamented with ribbons and flowers. GIANNINA appears on the threshold of the door to the right).

ALL.-Long live Filippo!

FERRARI.—Come into my arms! I proclaim you king of our honoured trade, and master of the violin-makers of Cremona. I will keep my promise. You will be my partner, successor, and son-in-law! . . . But before everything. . . . I must not forget . . . (Taking the chain from the page and advancing towards FILIPPO)—the golden chain. . . .

FILIPPO.—(Taking the chain from his hands and placing it around GIANNINA'S neck). I offer it to the beautiful Giannina, and I trust she will wear it on the day of her marriage with my

friend Sandro.

GIANNINA.-Good Filippo.

SANDRO—(Aside to FILIPPO).—My noble friend! my dear brother!

FERRARI.—What is the meaning of this? You have not taken vows of celibacy, and you can marry her. . . .

FILIPPO.—No, no, my good master. I am going to bring the renown of your famous instruments in distant climes, and tomorrow I start for my tour in Italy.

FERRARI.—Ungrateful man! But do you wish my business to

FILIPPO.-I leave you Sandro.

FERRARI.—What a strange idea! You give up happiness, fortune, and everything. What will you keep?

FILIPPO (Taking his violin).—This : . . (Aside)—will console me.

(CURTAIN.)

### Some New Music for Ghristmas.

BY THE MUSIC-SELLER.

EW songs and pieces are eagerly sought after at this season of the year, when music enters so largely into the general festivities; and I have gone carefully through a huge pile of recently published compositions with the object of assisting readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC in making their Christmas selections. Vocal music takes first place, so I will begin with the songs. Of those published by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., "Somewhere or Other," a beautiful song by the well-known artist-composer, Lawrence Kellie, calls for special mention. The words, by Clifton Bingham, are particularly good, and the melody is a genuine inspiration. Mr. Kellie has written many fine songs, but none more striking than this. A bolero song, "Ianthe," by Emilio Pizzi, is in that talented composer's happiest style; and young Arthur Godfrey's "The Face of an Angel" is a telling composition of the sentimental type. Yet another song from the pen of the late Charles Gounod! "Until the Day Breaks" is strongly characteristic of the great French master, and will be found a worthy successor to "There is a Green Hill Far Away." Those who have sons and brothers, not to mention husbands and lovers, with big bass voices, should not fail to present them with a copy of "The Riderless Steed," by Allen T. Hussell (David Wilcock). This is really one of the finest songs of the season, and could not fail to make a favourable impression, whether sung at home or in the concert room. The name of the composer is new to me, but I shall look forward to 'receiving more of his work. Three songs, considerably above the ordinary run, for which William C. Box has composed the music, are "You Told Me So," "The Vales of Brittany," and "A Nook in Normandie" (Weekes and Co.) There is a characteristic flavour about these songs which

will commend them to vocalists and audiences generally. Messrs. Paterson & Sons have brought out an album of "Six Sunday Evening Two-part Songs," composed by Geo. Fred. Horan, which is one of the most charming collections of sacred duets for home use I ever met with.

A group of light and tuneful pianoforte pieces suitable for after-dinner playing in the drawing-room, published by Weekes & Co., are "Marion," a waltz of rather ordinary type, by Oscar Allon; "Where Waters Meet," an impromptu by E. L. Newman; and Charles Gardner's Tarantella in C minor. A Pianoforte Album by Marston Moore, from the same publishers, contains five short pieces of a pleasing character, commendably free from difficulties. I am afraid I was rather disappointed by "Les Fêtes de Noël," a morceau brillant, by F. Reinhold Müller (Ashdown). The title and the theme of the piece are, however, appropriate to Christmas. Tito Mattei's "Rêverie Passionnée" (Ashdown) will please wherever it is played. Those who play the flute will be glad to add to their somewhat limited repertoire two such capital pieces as "Romance in G," by Hamilton Clarke, and "Allegro Scherzando," by William Booth, both of which are published, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Rudall, Carte & Co., who are also bringing out an admirable series of songs with flute obbligato.

Although there is no probability of the Christmas Carols which have been preserved to us from mediaval times being ousted from public favour by those of modern date, there is nevertheless, always an opening for new compositions in this line, of which each succeeding year brings a fresh supply. Amongst the most pleasing of this season's productions are Mr. J. H. Maunder's carols, "All this Night Bright Angels Sing," and "Angels from

the Realms of Glory"; and "Four Christmas Carols," by the young organist of St. David's Cathedral, Mr. Herbert C. Morris (Novello). It is, I fear, rather late in the day to suggest a Christmas Anthem; but if this should meet the eye of any choir-master who has not yet made a choice, let me recommend

to him a perusal of Mr. Maunder's "Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn." It is full of variety, and the introduction of the familiar hymn-tune by way of finale is particularly happy. This is another of Novello's publications.





### Hans von Bülow Anecdotes.



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THE eccentricities of the great conductor, Hans von Bülow have given rise to countless anecdotes, many of which are totally or partially without foundation.

In connection with this musician, however, are endless authentic stories; in fact, one might easily fill a good-sized volume with

The anecdotes here recounted are all from one period, namely, the concert seasons 1890-92, whilst Bülow came regularly to Berlin, conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra at the so-called "Bülow Concerts." Furthermore, I can vouch for their authenticity, as the majority of the incidents related came under my personal hearing; the others I have from most trustworthy sources.

To the best of my knowledge none of them have been previously published.

With the members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Bülow was held in the highest esteem, for, apart from his great genius as a conductor, he was exceedingly good to the members of the band. Whilst conducting a rehearsal one day in 1891, a great coat, belonging to one of the players, was filched from the artists' cloakroom. Bulow expressed his regret in few words, and the incident passed, and was apparently forgotten by every one. Judge then of the surprise when some three or four weeks later the victim of this theft received a telegram from Bülow, who offered sincerest sympathy, for, alas, his coat had just shared the same fate. At the concert rehearsals the favoured few who were admitted had many opportunities of noticing the marvellous control which Bülow had over his orchestra, and for hearing many excellent little witticisms fired off at one or other of the players. The final rehearsals for these concerts were public, and at a low uniform price, and were of course largely attended. To all intents and purposes they were as good as the concert itself, except, of course, that when vocalists were engaged they "saved their voices."

At one of these rehearsals, occupying a prominent position in the front row, sat a very stout old lady, who vigorously used a fan, apparently made of wood or ivory; every motion of this produced a most disturbing sound, not at all in keeping with the music. The first movement of the "Pastoral Symphony" was in progress, and the fan obligato was distinctly audible in soft passages. Tap, tap on the desk fell ominously Bülow's baton, the music was suddenly mute, the band awaiting-it hardly knew what. Through this silence came the swish of the fan followed by the tap. Bülow walked to the end of the platform in a most deliberate fashion; then, descending to the area, he walked up to the offending lady. Folding his arms and placing himself immediately in front of his victim, he said severely, "Pardon, madame, but if you must fan yourself, be good enough to do so in two-four time, not in triple time." The effect of this on the lady, and, in fact, on the entire audience, it would be difficult to imagine. Many would fain have laughed; few would risk that with the enraged Bülow near; as likely as not he would have insisted on the hall being cleared forthwith for such an offence. After this little episode the symphony was resumed WITHOUT fan obligato.

Bülow's, eccentricities kept the concert agent, Herr Hermann Wolff, in constant dread, for what Bülow said was law. Wolff was able to manage all the other artists under his direction; if their ideas and wishes differed from his or from his interests, he could

invariably come off best; with Bülow it was very different: to hear him was to obey. As a proof of this, at one of the rehearsals Bülow was much annoyed by a young soldier who had a platform seat, i.e., behind the orchestra and directly facing the conductor. This young man, sadly wanting in manners, fixed his opera glass on Bülow, and kept it there. That this was disturbing may be readily imagined, and to those who watched the darkening look the coming storm was very evident. At last it came; fairly lashed into a passion by this boorish attention, the music was stopped suddenly by the tap on the desk, and Herr Wolff was called for. Not many minutes elapsed before the agent made his appearance, when he was met by the angry conductor, who told him "that individual (indicating the culprit) had annoyed him by his vulgar staring, and would he kindly CLEAR THE PLATFORM." and entreaties were vain, and the innocent and guilty alike were "cleared" from before the irate master.

One more similar anecdote. Bülow came to conduct the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra (what the work was I do not remember, but that is immaterial); this was not a public rehearsal, but the members of the choir had invited numerous friends, and there must have been quite 100 people assembled. On Bülow's arrival he surveyed this audience-with little grace, and again Wolff was called before him. "Is this a public rehearsal?" "No." "Who invited these people here?" "I do not know." These and one or two similar queries and answers terminated with "If people want to hear the concert, let them come at night and pay. Clear the whole hall." Whilst this order was being carried out, Bülow stood like a general grimly observing the fulfilment of his commands. With others I was requested to quit; but being there by special invitation from the Philharmonic choir-conductor (Siegfried Ochs), I was permitted to stay, not for long before Bülow demanded who that was still remaining, and was only pacified by Ochs' assurance that I was there at his special invitation. Afterwards Bülow remarked to the orchestra that he did not believe in letting all and sundry attend rehearsals, especially as the majority attended simply to avoid paying for the concert.

Doors were closed during the performance of each work or movement, not nominally closed, as in England. However, on one occasion a lady had managed to gain admittance during the performance. Not content with this, she began a kind of tip-toe parade, obviously meaning to reach her seat unnoticed by the conductor. Alas, for her hopes! the stealthy footsteps disturbed Bülow, and without the slightest hesitation he once more called a halt, in the very middle of a movement, and turned round and transfixed the unfortunate object of his wrath. Let the reader fancy the body of a large hall with not more than half-a-dozen vacant seats in the whole area, right in the midst this one solitary lady, and Bülow with folded arms contemplating the scene. A burglar surprised by a policeman's lantern whilst professionally engaged is a very mild comparison of the woe depicted on the lady's face. The eyes of every one of the audience were meanwhile concentrated on the cause of this interruption, and a deathlike silence pervaded the place. Vainly casting glances here and there, evidently looking for a harbour of refuge in the shape of a vacant seat, obviously not knowing exactly the position of her own seat, the awfulness of her position seemed to strike on the unfortunate lady, who stood for a minute as if paralyzed, and then

began with noiseless steps to walk sideways towards the door, keeping an eye on Bülow as if fascinated. Although the whole play lasted only about three or four minutes, or even less, it seemed long to the looker on. Personally, I would be interested to know how long a time it appeared to the lady in question. After the lady gained the door, Bülow, with a quiet tap, tap, gathered his forces together and went at the movement afresh.

This incident lives in my memory most vividly—that one figure standing alone in the brilliantly lighted hall with upwards of 3,000

pairs of eyes concentrated on it.

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So much for the one side of Bülow's character. Now let us look at it from another point of view. That this artist was kind is proved by the fact that he regularly gave his services for the purpose of raising the funds of the *pension* list of the Berlin Philharmonic and many other similar deserving charities.

Again, when after the performance of a work he was well pleased with any solo or quasi-solo portions, he never failed to make his way to the instrumentalist, shaking him by the hand and expressing the pleasure his performance had given him. The applause of the public, in his capacity of conductor, was always by an indication of his hand, turned to the orchestra as the deserving

His colossal memory is historical; but the following incident came as a surprise even on those who thought it phenomenal. The lady vocalist at one of the rehearsals had forgotten the music, or the band parts of the selected work were not forthcoming. What was to be done? Bülow quickly ended that question by suggesting that the vocalist had better sing something else with piano accompaniment; told her to choose anything she liked. On her deciding for a certain composition. Billow seated himself without further delay at the piano and played the work chosen. Just think-this was one composition chosen from hundreds, and Bülow was ready to play any one of these from memory. Another noticeable example of the same type occurred at one of the ordinary popular concerts in the Berlin Philharmonic. Brahms was to conduct his Second Symphony and his Academic Overture, Bülow to play the Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto. The concerto was duly played, and the public seemed fully determined on an encore. This was given in quite an unexpected way. After bowing his acknowledgments some four or five times and finding nothing short of an encore would quiet them, he reappeared with Brahms' bâton in his hand and without more ado started the last item on the programme, Brahms' Academic Overture. To do this without the score, even granted that he knew his band and also the work well, without a rehearsal, is a proof of his remarkable memory.

I will now speak of one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in a concert room. At the close of the last concert of the season, 1891-2, Bülow was called out and vigorously applauded, and a speech demanded. After every season this had been the custom. On the evening in question the Symphony performed was the Eroica. After much persuasive applause Bülow came forward and spoke of the great work which had been performed that evening. "This Symphony," he said, "had originally been dedicated to a great hero—to Napoleon. The work was certainly fit for a hero, worthy the world's greatest hero. Now Beethoven, on hearing of Napoleon's acceptance of a crown, had torn the dedication page in bits and so changed the dedication. Surely, then, if Beethoven had done this, the musicians who had performed that evening might also be permitted to dedicate it on their own account to one who was a hero-one of the greatest men of the century." Then followed a most able dissertation on this hero, who still remained unnamed. The audience, who were gathered round the platform, were following very closely the philosophical reasoning. Bülow got his listeners worked up to a kind of admiration for this hero, whoever he might be, and then like "a bolt from out the blue," came the words, "My ladies and gentlemen, we musicians dedicate to-night our interpretation of this great heroic symphony to the greatest politician of this century, Bismarck, lebe hoch," and, turning to the drummers and

trumpeters, with the commanding tone of a soldier, " Tusch," (fanfare).\* These seemed in doubt for a moment as to what they must do, but the command being repeated, the Tusch was duly given. Meanwhile, the hall was a scene of the utmost confusion and consternation; all the officers and court party left hurriedly, with hisses, and, on the other hand, the Bismarck followers cheered uproariously. All was noise and confusion, the applause gaining the upper hand, Bülow again came forward, and stepping to the front of the platform, took his handkerchief and very deliberately wiped the dust from off his shoes. This was indeed the crowning act in the drama, and caused a sensation rarely equalled, for the whole thing was so daring that few would risk it in Germany. Bismarck had only then, or a short time previously, received his dismissal from Wilhelm the Second, and party feeling ran high. A few days previous to the concert above described, the Emperor, at a dinner in Madgeburg, had, in his high and mighty way, informed all who were dissatisfied with his decision that they might "wipe the German dust from off their shoes-and go."

Hence the consternation. Bülow daring to "beard the lion in his den," so to speak, by coming to Berlin, and enacting the little comedy which I have here described. After the concert the horses were taken from Bülow's carriage by the enthusiastic students, whose willing arms pulled the vehicle to the hotel. Not content with this, we got a very fine speech from the balcony of the hotel. This incident, as may be supposed, caused no little stir in the town, and many openly said Bülow would be seen in Berlin no more, but in a very short time he was back again playing, and

as well received as of old.

Only one more story of an unaccountable friendship of Bülow's, and I will desist. In Potsdamerstrasse, just by the Potsdamerbrücke, stands a small newspaper kiosk. At the time of which I write, there was, and probably is still, a certain "Fräulein Marie" in this kiosk. This lady's surname I never knew, never enquired; it came so natural to speak of "Fräulein Marie." This lady must be classed as one of the "characters" of Berlin; all the bestknown musicians in the city stopped to have a chat with her. She had the fullest and latest information to give on any concert, and we could learn what any critic had written of any artist. Not the least remarkable of Fräulein Marie's friends was Hans von Bülow. No one could explain it, for the lady was no longer very young, nor could she be considered beautiful; but be that as it may, Bülow corresponded regularly with this lady, the fortunate recipient reading his letters in whole or part to the less fortunate. When in Berlin, Bülow never omitted to call at this wonderful kiosk, and might be seen leaning there engrossed in earnest conversation with Fräulein Marie. On at least one occasion he drove there with his wife, handing her out of the carriage by the kiosk, introducing the ladies in his grandest style. Fräulein Marie, too, had always a seat in Bülow's private Loge at his concerts, and was the envy of all and sundry of her sex, who would have given much for the same honour.

One of Fräulein Marie's greatest treasures was a photograph of Bülow, with a most warm and affectionate inscription.

The eccentricities of this great man were numerous. He was often misunderstood and misjudged, often under-estimated. Yet there is little doubt that Bülow was one of the greatest conductors who have ever drawn breath, and as a pianist few were his equals, for Beethoven—perhaps none—and, with his c.' ssal memory, he must be awarded an honoured and high place w. the great dead, the "kings of the world" whose works live after them.

H. A. T.

<sup>\*</sup> In Germany a Tusch means a well-known fanfare in general use to the words, "Hoch soll er leben. Hoch soll er leben, drei Mal hoch."



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### "Gonnla."



#### A DRAMATIC CANTATA.

The words written by JAMES SMIETON, M.A.

The music composed for three solo voices, chorus and orchestra by JOHN MORE SMIETON.

Op. 25 .- Novello, Ewer & Co.

-:0:--

NEW work from the pen of Mr. John More Smieton is an event in the musical world of Britain. He is no "youthful knight-errant on the sublime battle-field of . Art," but a tried warrior, who has fought with "all sorts and conditions "-from drawing-room songs to dramatic cantatas -and now in the heyday of his strength adds yet another victory to the already long and brilliant roll. The composer of King Arthur-for as such Mr. Smieton will, I fancy, be known best to the musical public-commands our respect. In the past he has always proved melodious, interesting, and instructive, and in this his latest work all three qualities appear once again. Connla will ever become as great a favourite as King Arthur, is I think unlikely, not so much because of the music as because the story awakens fewer sympathies, the legend upon which it is founded being little known and so slight in texture. Happily, the libretto is poetically written and teems with exquisite ideas. One is so accustomed to find the words of modern works little better than drivel, that a libretto such as Mr. James Smieton's is a real treat. Here "padding" is conspicuous by its absence, and beautiful metaphors follow each other rapidly, sustaining the interest from Prologue to final scene.

Without overture or prelude—which is to be regretted—the Prologue commences. The 'celli give out a theme, which is afterwards taken up by the tenors, and forms the principal subject of the first section of the Prologue.



After a most effective setting of the words—accompanied by tromboni and tuba—

"Enshrouded the mighty Ben sleeps, In cloud-wreaths the mantle of ghosts"—

a transposition to D major takes place and the whole chorus break out with a gladsome shout, founded on what one might call the major version of the theme A:



the accompaniment being full and free and richly scored. After a few syncopated bars for the orchestra, a return to the minor section is made—this time in canon—the accompaniment having a varied figure or "shake" in the bass parts. A return to D major closes the Prologue. From such a hurried and partial explanation little of the true spirit of the chorus can be gathered, the closing bars being extremely effective, though difficult to sing. Space alone deters me from giving them in extenso.

The Cantata proper now begins. It is divided into two parts, each containing three scenes. The following is the argument as given by Mr. James Smieton:

"Connla, son of Conn, the hundred-fighter, from his youth up has been subject to visions. Whilst one day wandering in the woods that surround the royal domain of Uisnech, he has, overcome by fatigue, lain down to rest and failen asleep. In a dream he hears strange voices bidding him leave his country for the halls

of the beauteous Nea, and, on awaking, beholds a vision of the maiden herself, who entreats him to flee with her to her distant home.

"The scene now changes to the court of the king, where retainers are celebrating his achievements. A royal hunt is proclaimed, towards the close of which, the king Connla and a few attendants withdraw to seek rest in a sheltered glade. Suddenly the sound of strange voices is heard, and Connla is seen to hold converse with an invisible maiden. The king, in fear, bids his attendants summon the Druid Coran, who forthwith chants his spells towards the place whence the strains have proceeded. Soon the voices cease, nor is Connla longer haunted by the fairy vision. Ere, however, the maid departs, she casts a golden appleto the youth and bids him take no other food till she comesagain.

"For four whole weeks the golden fruit is Connla's only sustenance, and this, though partaken of daily, remains still unconsumed. Yet in his breast abides a yearning for the maiden, which growsever stronger as days and weeks roll by. At last, during a feast given by the king, Connla escapes from amid the guests and withdraws once more to the woods, where his heart is gladdened by the re-appearance of the wondrous maid.

"Meanwhile, the king and his guests, alarmed at the absence of the young prince, break up the feast and come in search of him. Again strange voices are heard, and again the Druid Coran attempts to intervene. This time, however, the charms are of no-avail, Connla has yielded his soul to the spell of the fairy maiden. To the consternation of the beholders, Nea, now for the first time visible, hastens to the neighbouring sea-shore, enters a crystal bark, and beckons Connla to follow her. He rushing from his friends, regardless of their entreaties, springs into the crystal boat, which, slowly gliding, bears them o'er the waters towards the sunset."

PART I.—Scene I.—Opening in B major,—with the corni in F while the violins sustain—the mystic voices—soprani and alti—sing, first with closed lips—a favourite device of Mr. Smieton's—and then very softly, a chorus of passionate entreaty. Reminding one a little of the hidden chorus in the First Act of Tannhäuser, when Venus and the famous Minstrel-Knight are together.



The weird melody C may be said to contain the germ of Connla. It is the most important "Leit-motif," occurring again and again during the work, casting the glamour of its strange harmonies over all and binding the Cantata into a perfect whole.

Its final form is on page 121, v.s., but I give it here so that the reader may compare the two:



The close of the chorus is interrupted by Connla awaking and calling on the strange maid Nea to appear. The winsome spirit of his dreams does so—singing the song, "O gentle sleep," E minor.

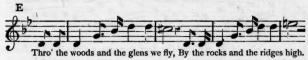
Opening with an elaborate introduction—in augmentation—an oboe solo leading to the voice part, a 'cello solo, against the voice, lends an additional charm to the number. By a graceful transposition the refrain,—

"Awake, O Connla fair, awake!"

is in G flat major—from E minor—and with a figure for the clarinet closes in a pleasing manner. The melody of the second verse is the same as that of the first, the accompaniment being altered to suit the spirit of the text. The special use of the harp here is very effective.

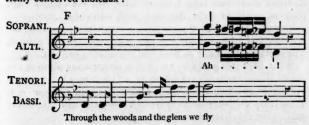
Scene II. opens with a chorus of Retainers, "Hail! Mighty King," in D major, and is one of those numbers in which Mr. Smieton is always at his best. Starting with an expressive theme—in four part harmony—for the whole chorus, a passage in B flat major occurs for the basses, which leads to a capital piece of fugal writing, as interesting and scholarly a bit of work as the Cantata contains. A return to the original subject closes the number. This chorus is certain to become a great favourite with singers.

The king proclaims "A Royal Hunt," and instantly the horns begin to sound. An orchestral prelude of considerable length and marked power of delineation leads to the choral portion, one is fairly hurried along with the splendid "swing" of the music. Tenors and basses in unison have the following phrase:—



On goes the hunt; the excitement ever increasing, the orchestra joining the voices in aiding the truly realistic musical-picture. That this episode, when performed, will be a most successful one, can easily be gathered from the vocal score.

A further development now takes place. The tenors and basses have a very slightly altered version of figure E, while the soprani and alti, who now join for the first time, have a short, chromatic, weird call, accompanied by the full orchestra. This idea is sustained to the close, and adds yet another charm to the already richly conceived tableaux:



A repetition of the orchestral introduction finishes the Number, which is, without doubt, extremely clever and effective, and will repay the careful study a chorus would need to bestow upon it.

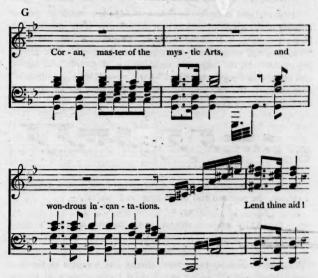
Once again the mystic voices are heard calling Connla to "the Western Land." All memory of the "royal hunt" is swept away, and as Nea-visible only to Connla-commences to sing the aria, "From Distant Lands," the king's attendants are startled, and

vainly try to see the owner of the enchanting voice. The character of the music here portrays most vividly the suppressed excitement that is consuming the hearts of all. Nea holds them all enthralled, but with the cry—

"Connla I love !"

the king becomes alarmed, and fain would still the spirits.

Scene III.—Once again noise and tumult hold sway. The king's attendants call on the Druid Coran—accompanied by the brass instruments:—



Coran now calls upon Nea to loose her hold over Connla. This passage is very dramatic, the accompaniment being full of figures calculated to heighten the effect and reminding one slightly, of the "Witch Scene" in *Der Freischütz*. At the words,

"By the rushing water's sound,"

the character of the music changes, the 'celli and bassi having the figure--



which from the days of Schubert has been, and ever will be, used for such conceptions.

Nea answers the incantation with a passionate appeal to Connla to leave all and follow her; a development of a subject already heard in the first chorus, occurring in the accompaniment, cleverly throws our thoughts back to the first time the mystic voices cast their spell over the unhappy Connla. Again the Druid commands her to leave, and again the love-laden cry is the only answer. At length Coran puts forth all his power and breaks the spell. To the soft pulsations of the now familiar "mystic voices" the spirits disappear, Nea having given Connla a "golden apple from the tree of life," and ordered him to eat nothing else till they meet again. So ends Part I.

Part II., Scene I.—Once again we have a choral number, "Rejoice! Rejoice!" This chorus is the most important choral number in the Cantata, and shows us what a master of counterpoint Mr. Smieton is. A more elaborate "number" has not left the composer's pen, and this one certainly makes us long to hear something for a double-chorus—such as Bach loved to write—from Mr. Smieton, as he has evidently mastered the secret of using gracefully large bodies of sound. Nothing more stirring and truly martial could be conceived, both words and music joining to make a noble hymn of gladness, in short, a musicianly and thoroughly pleasing chorus in every way.

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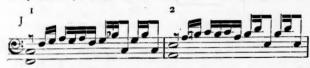
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From the section in E major, a transposition is made into C major. Here the accompaniment is entirely distinct from the voice parts, being conceived after the manner of a graceful dance, while the voices form a picturesque background, singing,—

"With song, and dance, and gladsome revelry, we celebrate the day."

Elaborate and complex in places, though the music is, yet so daintily is the whole conceived that the effect is clear and distinct, like an etching, if I might so employ the word. This leads to "The drinking song,"—one of the gems of the piece.—The grunting of the 'celli, the laughable combination of piccolo and fagotti and oboe, and the jolly voice part—baritone—all lend an indescribable charm to the amusing episode. The figures for the bassoon are particularly clever.



The chorus become infected by the singer's spirit, and taking up a refrain, the soprano and basso sing (in F major),—

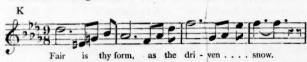
"Fill up, fill up the goblet,"

while the second soprano, alto and tenor, break in with—to a merry little phrase—

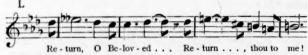
"With the ruddy wine."

This is worked up to a grand climax and a return to the first and second subjects added to the third forms a piece of writing of great excellence, the three themes being used together until within a few bars of the close, when the entire force take up "Rejoice! Rejoice!" and amid great enthusiasm finishes the

Scene II.—Opens with a recitative and solo for Connla. Bemoaning that the "golden apple" will sustain him no longer, he calls upon Nea to return as "In twilight rides full orbed the silver moon." Then follows the Aria proper,—"Fair is thy Form!"; in my opinion the best solo Mr. Smieton has yet written. Both Mr. Smieton's other Cantatas have contained a solo of outstanding merit. In Ariadne, "Farewell, dear country" and in King Arthur, "'Mid the glory of the spring-time," but certainly "Fair is thy Form" surpasses both. Combining true melodic phrases of great beauty with a flowing and pleasing accompaniment, the first verse almost "sings itself."



The melody of the second verse is the same, but the accompaniment is much more elaborate, the clarinet having a brilliant figure which is used very effectively. The second verse is followed by a dramatic episode *Piu mosso*.



Introduced by a crescendo the following passionate section is reached, recalling a phrase in Isolde's Liebestod,

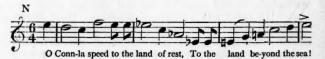


and after a return to the opening phrase, for the 'celli, the aria closes. Nothing more intense, "modern" and truly romantic has left Mr. Smieton's pen. "Fair is thy Form" is a noble Aria which ought to be heard in every concert-room in Britain, words and music being as nearly perfect as one can hope to hear. I cannot help thinking it is one of the sweetest and most delightful songs which has been written by an Englishman for many a day.

A charming Part - Song for S. A. T. and 2 B., "Gently as falleth the dew," follows, another delightful number, easily and neatly written.

A duet, "Thine is my heart"—Connla and Nea—now ensues. This is, I think, the least successful number in the Cantata. The phrases are not so poetical as one would wish. This after "Fair is thy Form" is a disappointment, where the level reached is so high.

The King, frightened at the re-appearance of Nea, calls for "the Druid Coran," but the Mystic Maiden warns him that he cannot aid him again, and as Connla tells that he longs to "go to the west" with the young lover of his youth, the Third Scene is introduced by Nea's Aria, "O Connla, speed to the land of rest."



Which, ending most dramatically, leads to the last chorus. Connla and Nea "step into the crystal bark" and sail away "towards the sunset," while the chorus of female voices sing,—

"Over the dusky deep coracle brave, Towards the sunset keep cleaving the wave," etc.,

and the flutes have a subdued figure, thus,-



Note also should be made of the double organ-point C and G from here to the end. Then the soft pulsations gently break "in ever widening circles" and with closed lips the "mystic chorus" theme is heard once more as the boat fades from sight.

Thus ends Connla. A work which combines the modern romantic Wagnerian element with the older form, in so much that the chorus have plenty to do. Any choral society taking up Connla need not fear that "all the fat" goes to the solo singers; there is plenty for all.

Scored as it is for flutes, oboi, clarinetti, fagotti, corni in F and E, horns, trombones, tuba, tympani, harp, and the usual strings, there is ample to make the work well worth the attention of orchestral societies, as the scoring in many places is rich and original, and is throughout interesting and yet not too difficult. The cantata takes about an hour and a quarter to perform.

It is a work that grows on one, and in which many pleasing and scholarly touches repay careful study. That it may be as great a success as anything the Messrs. Smieton have as yet written, is I am sure the wish of all those who have the best interests of our National School of Composition at heart.

S. FRASER HARRIS.



### Gilotto.



By ROSARIO ASPA.

"For the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children; yea, unto the third and the fourth generation; and you, incapable of thought or reason, who forget in an hour all teaching that interferes with your pleasures, I tell you that the Lord never sleeps, but for ever and ever keeps His promises in remembrance."

Scene: a church interior in a hamlet on one of the southern slopes of Savoy; Dramatis Personæ: a handsome priest of commanding figure and benevolent expression, whose words have riveted the attention of his little congregation, and a good-looking young man with his wife and two children, upon whom compassionate glances fall from all sides. These have a somewhat isolated look, some of those sitting near them having apparently moved slightly away. They are on their knees, sobbing convulsively, with heads bowed down. The father holds by the hand a chubby boy of three or four years; the mother hides in her bosom a child of a few weeks, its little face disfigured by ugly seams, its eyes closed, for it has been born blind.

N the retired villages of these mountains the pastors look more closely after their little flocks than is possible in towns; much of the patriarchal spirit survives, and admonition is often made impressive by personal references that would not be tolerated in larger communities.

After Napoleon's final defeat and deposition, many thousands of the peasants he had torn from their homes throughout Europe were left to find their way back to their native villages as best they could. They were but a poor remnant of the vast multitude that had been made to serve and to suffer, and whose bones lay so thick on so many battlefields, that the little Corsican might be called Great. Among the wretched rank and file of one of the Emperor's mighty armies, Benvenuto Sperati had fared better than most of his comrades. Born in the hamlet of which we have just spoken, a strong constitution, and the frugality habitual to his class, had carried him through several campaigns with ease; and the grade of sergeant, earned by a deed of gallantry, ensured him comforts denied to the common soldier. During the exhausting campaigns of Leipsic and Moscow, he had, also, the good fortune to be left on garrison duty in a French frontier town. Like all his countrymen, he had a passion for saving, and availing himself to the full of every chance of plunder, he had remitted to the care of the young pastor of his native village several parcels of money and valuables that provoked much speculation in the mind of that worthy. For, mingled with coin, were brooches, rings of all kinds, many rich crucifixes, and a shapeless mass, evidently flattened by the butt end of a musket for convenience in packing, but which proved to be a highly-wrought and valuable chalice. Much disturbed in mind, the good priest put these things away with many a sigh, and with many a thought as to the duty that would lie on him, some day, of bringing the marauder to confession, penitence,

Sperati, meanwhile, did not neglect the opportunities afforded by his position on the frontier. To the crowded stream of wounded and dying continually passing back from the front, he became known as a bon camarade, who might be trusted to remit things confided to his care, and oftentimes dying men would put their all in his hands, and pass away before giving instructions for its disposal. Nothing seemed to happen that did not bring him profit.

Apart from the thirst for gain thus stimulated, he was imbued with the spirit of the age—an age in which Destiny seemed to attend on the will of one unprincipled man! 'Dum vivimus vivamus.' 'While we live let us live,' is a prevailing motto at such times, and Sperati had now, in spite of his early training, taken it thoroughly to heart. With good looks, a pleasant voice, and a full purse, he soon took a leading part in the gallantries and dissipations of the place, and was not long in becoming a confirmed debauchée. The Abdication and Deportation to Elba made little

difference to him: he was continued in his command; but the "Hundred days," brought his career to an end. Called by Napoleon, with every other available soldier, to the front, the unaccustomed hardships of the march, of the open bivouac, of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, told on his frame, now enfeebled by excesses, and when left, apparently to die, on the field of Waterloo, he was found to have broken down less from his wounds, which were trifling, than from sheer exhaustion.

Suffice it that, a wreck of his former self, Sperati re-entered his native village in the early months of 1816 in extreme misery, but with glowing hopes of the health he would regain, the pleasures he would enjoy, backed by the hoard he had entrusted to the good priest. Above all, he looked for the embraces of the companions of his boyhood, having been but a lad himself when torn away. These, however, were now bearded men who, far from greeting him with affection, turned aside. It was known he had money, but it was said, too, that the touch of unholy gold entailed misfortune. No companionship was, therefore, offered to the invalid soldier; on the contrary, it was thought his very presence would bring ill-luck, a belief common enough in these ignorant communities, and fatal to the happiness of its object.

Sperati had a mother still living on the small patrimony of the family, but even she looked on him coldly. The priest had told her the nature of her son's property, and she would have starved rather than touch the least coin of it. One creature only showed the unhappy soldier any kindness; the young woman who nursed him. To her he became attached, and he ultimately married her. He had a son born to him, a fine stout fellow, and then sickened and died, leaving his property still unclaimed in the priest's hands. The boy, on reaching man's estate, married in his turn, and on the baptism of his first-born was amazed at receiving from the good pastor a sum in gold, large enough to enable him to double his little patrimony. "This, my son," said the priest, "may have been the reward of valour-the price of your father's wounds, for aught I can say, and, had he asked me, it would at any time have been his. But the crucifixes, the rings, the chalice, are fruits of sacrilege and spilling of innocent blood. No good can come of wealth got so wickedly; it would be sent back to those from whom it was stolen if they could be found; it has been a source of great anxiety to me; and only lately I have decided, with the sanction of my Bishop, that it shall help to relieve those whose parents lost their all in the wars. And, my children, I trust that Heaven, by continuing you in health and happiness, may vouchsafe a token that it looks with favour on this disposal of treasure so unhallowed in the getting."

Made happy by these kind words, the young pair soon, also, regained that consideration and esteem in the little community which the father had lost, and when, three years later, another son was born to Giacomo, his neighbours pressed forward with congratulations. Alas for human happiness! The child was sightless; was destined, as the doctor said, to pay the debt his grandfather had incurred; the wrath of Heaven was upon the family, and, in their superstition, men again shrank from it as from contagion!

Filled, as he was, with pity for the unfortunate pair, the priest, nevertheless, felt constrained, for the advantage of his flock, to point the lesson sent, as he believed, so directly from Heaven, and the awful words with which this little tale begins were the text of his discourse when, after the birth of the blind child, the stricken family first attended church.

Misfortunes rarely come singly. In these villages the peasants are accustomed to assist each other in getting in the harvests, on which alone they count for subsistence. Poor Giacomo, too proud to ask unwilling aid, secured his crops henceforth by his single strength. The task was beyond him; he took a fever, and, after a

long illness, died, to be followed soon after by his heartbroken wife. This happened some twelve years after the birth of the child whose misfortune brought such trouble on the family.

The blind boy had been named Gilotto, and grew to be an interesting youth, particularly so from the play of sad and tender fancies continuously reflected in his face. He had no occupation, but was always to be seen in the fields near his brother Pietro. This brother had an affectionate nature, and in regard to the afflicted youth became cheerfully "eyes to the blind, and staff to guard him from stumbling." And he laboured diligently on his land, the younger man, by cheerful talk and unceasing questioning lighten-

When these lads had reached the ages respectively of seventeen and twenty, it chanced that for some time the hamlet was stirred by the presence of two young Englishmen of standing in the art world. Attracted by the fine scenery and pure air, these gentlemen while sketching in the fields became interested in the orphans. One day, the younger, tired of painting, drew a flageolet from his pocket and was solacing himself with some pretty melodies, when his companion drew his attention to the looks of the blind boy. On this child of nature the music appeared to have the effect of a powerful drug. At one moment his face was flushed, his expression transfigured, and with open mouth and head bent forward he seemed to drink in the sounds; and then the blood left his face, his limbs trembled, and tears filled his sightless eyes, eloquent in their obscurity of the well-springs of sensibility that lay behind. Interested by this display of feeling, the artist put the flageolet in the boy's hands, placed the reed in his mouth, put his fingers upon the keys, gave him, in short, a first lesson, which he followed up with others during his stay, finally giving him the flageolet when he left.

What bliss! what ecstasy! filled the boy's soul on finding he might one day be a musician! He had revelled in the songs of birds, the sighings of the woods, the tuneful ripple of waters; but, lovely as these might be, what were they as compared with the melodies-the inspirations of genius-which he now discovered he could, after a hearing or two, retain, and, greater happiness still, could reproduce? For, with all the force of a strong nature long pent up, he now applied himself to conquer every conceivable difficulty on his little instrument, and in an incredibly short time became a phenomenal performer. His awakened fancy teemed with passages and effects, brilliant, and delicate, to render which with absolute ease and perfection was now his delightful task. And the people of the little hamlet would silently gather round in the summer evenings when their work was done, saying, "Heaven, in pity, has given him music, and it is of heavenly delights he sings."

But while the villagers thus rendered homage to music's power, on Nina Pepola, the schoolmaster's daughter, it had the effect of enchantment. One reads in old stories of magicians who by lute or voice could direct the steps of mortals. So Nina, when Gilotto's pipe sounded, would leave all else, and, stealing noiselessly to his feet, stand there entranced and forgetful of aught besides.

In a small community the goings out and comings in of every one are noted, and, accordingly, it was not long before Pietro was told how pretty Nina had lost her heart to his brother. As there were so few young men to make husbands for the girls, they said his musicial gift should be turned to account, and if he could make enough to provide a home, then he should marry the girl who so evidently loved him.

Pietro, with infinite delicacy, told his poor brother all this, who flushed with happiness at the recital, stole away to the fields, and with beaming face poured out his soul in the most entrancing strain even he had yet conceived. His senses were quickened to an extraordinary degree, and he clearly heard the fairy step and soft breathing of the sweet girl who had again stolen near. Trembling from head to foot, he suddenly stretched out his hands imploringly, crying, "Nina! Nina!! let the poor creature before you but touch your hair, your hand, the hem of your garment, before he goes into the world, so dark to him, on a pilgrimage that will end only at your saintly feet. Let him have the consolation of knowing that one holy soul will sometimes have him in her sweet thoughts. It will make his poor music eloquent-he will tell the world of you and his love, and, without knowing why, they shall say 'This man, blind to the things of earth, surely sees and glorifies a saint of heaven.'" A soft little hand in his, a silky little head resting on his breast, and then tears and sobs that tell how deep is the feeling, how mingled the happiness and the grief of these young hearts, just opened to each other.

Time stays not for lovers! Two years were gone; Gilotto had faced the world-had taken it captive. His marvellous execution, his depth of expression on so unpromising an instrument, were enthusiastically proclaimed, and the public, always interested in things uncommon, crowded to hear him. Even the learned and more judicious were delighted with his performances, and often asked how had an uncultivated peasant reached such artistic perfection. Some of his effects were compared to the cooing of doves, others to the sweet complaints of nightingales; the well-read suggested that his notes were founded on the primeval "Love-call"; Gilotto only murmured "Nina, Nina," and smiled.

But some of his admirers shook their heads, remarking that his notes were more truly those of the dying swan; and his looks bore out this fancy best. For the pure breezes and simple fare to which he was born were now exchanged for the high and often unwholesome living of hotels, for the heated rooms, and the long, cold journeys incident to his calling; so that the hardy constitution he had brought from Savoy seemed to be shattered-to be on the point of breaking down.

Worst of all! The brother, so simple and good, spoiled by the gold that poured in so plentifully, was utterly changed. His affectionately caressing tone of old was exchanged for a harsh, eager manner, by an ever-increasing impatience for more exertion and greater gains. Though flattering the blind man with assurances that they would soon have earned their rest at home, he avoided saying how much had been made, or what was still

For, early in their career, two gambling harpies had fastened upon him, had enticed him to play, had artfully led him on until play had become a passion; and now, penniless, he lived only to dream that by increased skill and experience he might win back all that had been lost, though at the risk of yet more. Dishonoured in his own eyes by the cruel wrong he was committing, he became desperate. He still loved his brother dearly, and could not face the loss of his child-like confidence by disclosing his own baseness. Led by alluring hope to believe that fortune would change, he went on, deluded still by the gamblers' artful wiles.

Without knowing why, the blind man was oppressed by care; the life he led had brought on a nervous ailment, and the frequency of his performances now prevented any renewal of bodily energy. Blind as he was, his hearing was remarkably acute, his perception quick and subtle, and he began to realize that his audiences, after their first burst of wonder and delight, would often weary of his simple strains in a shorter time than before; and that all the fervour of his expression, all the unmatched skill of his execution, failed to keep attention awake during performances depending on

So gradually he became a wreck of the man he was in Savoy, and his looks began to interest people as much as his music-" Like a soul about to quit its earthly tenement," was said, and it was thought pretty to remark that "His spirit was fluttering towards its Maker on Heaven-born strains."

And thus there came a day when he was with difficulty led to the platform before a large audience in a strange town, and when, standing trembling and shattered at the end of his first piece, mid only the partial applause of the room, the poor player suddenly dashed down his flageolet, crying, "Nina, my beloved!" fell with outstretched arms senseless to the ground. Medical men present

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hastened to give help, but it was soon known that the performance was at an end.

On no occasion had the elder brother been so anxious about the takings. The previous night he had not only been led on to gamble his last coin, but had actually staked in advance, and lost in addition, the proceeds of this very concert. Yet, with a gambler's perverted sense of honour, he was raging to be free of the incubus of debt, that he might recommence, unhampered, his struggle with fortune. The sharpers were at hand, eager for their plunder. They had long forseen the catastrophe impending, and that their pigeon would soon be without a feather to pluck. Great, therefore, was the consternation on both sides when the audience coming out demanded their money back, and great the fury of the swindling pair at seeing gold that had actually been counted up for them taken from under their eyes. They stormed wildly, and in their rage let fall words that revealed, like lurid lightning, their rascality to their wretched dupe. His brain reeled; his blood was aflame. Springing, panther-like, on the villain nearest, he had him by the throat and hurled him headlong down the long flight of marble stairs. But the other had a stiletto ready, and, as they closed, drove it straight to his heart.

It so happened that among the audience was a retired German banker, a man of an active mind, a passionate lover of music, and somewhat of a "character," one of his peculiarities being an hourly complaint that want of occupation was shortening his days. When Gilotto fell, this gentleman hastened to give help, and, when the brother's tragic end was known, exclaimed, "Here is work—useful work—calculated to prolong the life of the happy fellow who undertakes it; Donner-wetter! Why should not I be the man? That peasant will only recover in his native air; let it be my task to take him."

But poor Gilotto lay in a raging fever, the landlord of the hotel immediately proclaiming that his friends would be held answerable for any loss of custom he might suffer in consequence. "Is that so?" exclaimed our German friend," then this next hour shall do me much good. Hearken thou; get thy bill ready, and in sixty minutes I take him away."

Driving at once to a furniture maker, he soon has on top of his carriage some new mattresses, a quantity of blankets, and of thick canvas destined to make a tent. Then, taking an intelligent workman, he drives out of town to the highest ground near. Stopping at the first farm where work was going on, he calls the farmer, and quickly drags him, all amazed, to the centre of a field at that moment under the plough. Here the farmer, convinced that he has to do with a madman, prepares to knock him down, for he deliberately paces round a patch of ground, sniffing the air. Then he asks, "What will the produce of that patch be?" "Food for a horse for a month, perhaps—we shall plant beans." "Well I will pay for beans to feed a horse for six months to occupy it for a poor sick man who comes from the soil, and whose only chance of recovery lies in being brought near to it again." "Agreed," answered the farmer, "though for such an object you would be welcome to it, beans or no beans." "I shall bring him at once," said the banker, "but there is one thing more of consequence. You are a good master, for your men sing at their work. Now ask them, as their part in this deed of charity, to avoid making any kind of music while my friend is here. His illness is chiefly of the mind, and I have reason to think that music will aggravate it."

And so, punctual to his appointment, he paid off the hotel-keeper, took the invalid to the improvised hospital, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing that his prompt action was having immediate effect.

He had little faith in doctors, but, by way of compensation, fanatically believed in the restorative power of pure air, pure water, and simple food. He thought the odour of freshly-turned earth more curative than drugs, and trusted to fresh-pulled fruit, and vegetables fresh gathered, rather than artificial food, no matter how delicate or costly. His sagacity was not at fault. In a few days Gilotto's fever abated, and strength began slowly to return to

his emaciated limbs. But his spirit was broken, and, except that he occasionally breathed the name of his love, he uttered not a word.

The German was not discouraged; but he wanted the cure to be complete. Now that he saw his patient mending, his own enforced quietude was becoming irksome. "The wisdom of nations may be looked for in their every-day talk," exclaimed he. "Those practical people, the English, often say, 'What can we do to kill time?' You ask what they mean. Their philosophy is profound; they seek always to be doing something, for they know very well that otherwise time will kill them. And the Rabbis, too, who have brought down for us the ancient wisdom of the East—they teach that, 'Idleness is Death.' Shall I, then, with such examples in mind, court the Destroyer by staying inactive here? No, indeed! Nina must nurse this man to health again, and the good luck of having to bring her falls to me."

And when he brought Nina in triumph, the old intelligence soon beamed again in the musician's face—desire of life returned to his

breast, and his recovery, though delayed, was assured.

Again some years have passed. Our benevolent Teuton, still struggling with the baleful thought that he had not enough to do, still trying to ward off the life-shortening tendencies of leisure, treads once more that Savoyard valley. He finds that Gilotto and Nina have long been married, have children, and are as happy as he could wish-their modest patrimony amply sufficient for their wants. And then he learns how that patrimony was doubled by the grandfather's gold, got in the war-time, and he is told, also, how a hoard of valuables is said to be still in the priest's keeping. And he calls on that worthy, now an old, old man, and the hoard being displayed, he looks with interest on relics that mark so forcibly the savagely plundering instincts of the armies that, under Bonaparte, had ravaged the Continent. And while, full of emotion, he is looking on the rings and ornaments torn from unoffending women, and from altars dedicated to God's service, the priest shows the battered chalice, of which mention has already been made. Catching at it eagerly, our friend gives voice to a cry of triumph. Waving it on high, he shouts, "Alleluia! Regained at last! This cup, good father, is the most precious heirloom of my family. In olden times we were of the nobility, and one of us was a Prince-Bishop, beloved for deeds of charity. He lost his life attending plague-stricken peasants, where doctors were not; and friends united in having this made as a memento of the good man. It was stolen from us by Napoleon's brigands-our arms, and our motto, 'Nihil sine labor' are here, and though but old silver, I will give you for it its weight in gold."

And now, strolling in the fields, the excited German enjoys a pretty picture. Gilotto, in sturdy health, is sitting in an old favourite seat, a child in his arms. Nina, at a little distance, has stolen to watch and share the poor man's happiness. Like a passing cloud, a shade of sadness is leaving his face as he lifts it to meet the breeze and sunshine, while, with the light touch, which in the blind is almost as delicate as sight, he passes his fingers over the child's face, and more than once over its eyelids, the little one being asleep. But, waking, the child raises long silken eyelashes, looking around, and its blind father assures himself for the hundredth time that the family curse has not fallen there; and while his seamed and sightless face is made beautiful by the joy shining in it, the bystander notices that, in radiant reverie, his fingers-selfled-arrange themselves, and move, as though they pressed the old familiar instrument. In an instant that bystander has had his hand in his pocket, and has placed the well-remembered flageolet under the fingers that knew it so consummately; and while an indescribable flush of happiness lights the musician's face, he tremblingly breathes into the pipe the little tune that first had lured Nina to his feet, and then with all the fervour of his nature, all the strength of feeling pent so long in his bosom, he raises its voice, and peasants ploughing in far-off fields stop their oxen, and, listening to the soaring notes, say "He offers his heart in thanksgiving," and the good priest, listening too, says "He lifts a song of Praise."

### Some Old Goncert Singers.

N a recent article we gave some account of the old-time Concert Gardens of London; and we propose now to say something about one or two of the more famous singers who used to be heard at these gardens. First of all there was Miss Rafter, a charming Irish girl, who drew from Johnson the rarest and most unqualified praise. Miss Rafter was a delightful singer, and as great a favourite at the Gardens as at the theatres. She married Mr. Clive, a brother of Baron Clive, and the pair seem to have had rather a warm time between them, parting at last by mutual consent. Kitty had a temper and a wit that made even Garrick afraid of her. "Madam," said he to her one day, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone, but you are the cream of one and the flower of the other." One evening Garrick entered the green-room dressed for the part of Barbarossa in a glittering silver tissue shape, whereupon Kitty called out: "Make room for the royal lamplighter!"-a jest which, as she expected, quite disconcerted the actor for the remainder of the night. Garrick was the most rigid disciplinarian on the stage, but a sly joke whispered by Mrs. Clive put him off his guard one evening whilst acting with her, so that he could not finish what he had to say, and had to make his bow amidst a burst of laughter. After forty years' service to the public, Mrs. Clive retired to a house near Strawberry Hill, which Walpole playfully called "Clive-den."

Speaking of Walpole, when Handel's Samson was first performed in 1743, we find that brilliant wit writing of one of the singers as "a man with one note in his voice." This must have been John Beard, one of the most celebrated tenors of his day, who really achieved a triumph in the part of Samson. Beard began his professional life as a chorister in the Chapel Royal under Bernard Gates; and he was one of the singers in the Duke of Chandos' Chapel at Cannons during the time that Handel resided with that magnificent patron of music. His history was somewhat romantic. In 1739 he married Lady Henrietta, only daughter of James, Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis; in 1759 he married a daughter of John Rich, the harlequin! In summer Beard drew the genteeler part of the musical world to Ranelagh, while his rival, Thomas Lane, drew the other portion to Vauxhall.

Dr. Arne composed many of his Vauxhall songs for Cecilia Young, who became his wife. Dr. Burney commended this lady for her natural voice and "firm shake." More noted, however, was her sister-in-law, the second wife of the infamous Theophilus Cibber. This repulsive creature cared for his gifted and beautiful wife only as a former husband of Madame Patti is said to have cared for her-as a means of acquiring money to supply his extravagances. He quarrelled with his worthy father, Colley Cibber, who was more than ashamed of him. One day as he strutted before Colley in lace and velvet, the father said sadly: "I pity you." "Pity rather my tailor!" retorted the graceless scamp. Poor Susanna Cibber had in the end to take refuge with a "protector," to whom she was introduced, and on whom she was even thrust by her worthless husband. Mrs. Cibber was one of the vocalists in the original performance at Dublin of Handel's Messiah. On that occasion she rendered "He was despised" in such a touching manner that Handel henceforward wrote most of his contralto parts expressly for her. A reverend gentleman in the Dublin audience is said to have so far forgotten himself or his Bible as to exclaim at the close of one of her airs: "Woman! for this be all thy sins forgiven thee." Dr. Burney tells how he often met Handel at Mrs. Cibber's house. "He was very fond," says the historian, "of Mrs. Cibber, whose voice and manners had softened his severity for her want of musical knowledge. At her house of a Sunday evening he used to meet Quin, who, in spite of native roughness, was very fond of music. Yet the first time Mrs. Cibber prevailed on Handel to sit down to the harpsichord, while he was present, . . . Quin,

after Handel was gone, being asked by Mrs. Cibber whether he did not think Handel had a charming hand, replied—'A hand, madam! You mistake; it's a foot.' 'Poh! poh!' says she; 'has he not a fine finger?' 'Toes, by—! madam.' Indeed his hand was then so fat that the knuckles which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dented or dimpled in, so as to be rendered concave. However, his touch was so smooth, and the tone of the instrument so much cherished, that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys. They were so curved and compact, when he played, that no motion and scarcely the fingers themselves could be discovered." In explanation of this it must be remembered that the elasticity of wrist, so diligently cultivated by the pianist, was useless, or nearly so, to the harpsichord player, who had to press down the keys, not to strike them. Mrs. Cibber died in 1766, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. It is said that Garrick, on hearing of her decease, exclaimed: "Then Tragedy expired with her."

The notorious Anne Catley made her first appearance at Vauxhall in the summer of 1762, and soon became an immense favourite. Many contemporary writers dwell on her impudence. O'Keefe, the dramatist, says in his amusing "Reminiscences": "The first time of my venturing into a theatre, after the ill success of my Beneditti, Miss Catley accosted me from the front row of the lower boxes, loud enough, as I was many rows back, to be heard by all and everybody: 'So, O'Keefe, you had a piece damned the other night; I am glad of it: the devil mend you for risking an opera without bringing me into it!' A few minutes after she had thus accosted me, Leoni entered the box with a lady leaning on his arm. Miss Catley, catching his eye, called out, 'How do you do, Leoni? I hear you're married. Is that your wife? Bid her stand up till I see her? Leoni, abashed, whispered to his lady, who with good-humoured compliance stood up. Catley, after surveying her a little, said: 'Her! very well indeed! I like your choice!' The audience seemed more diverted with this scene in the boxes than that on the stage, as Miss Catley and her oddities were well known to all." Miss Catley was endowed with great personal beauty, and she had a charming voice. O'Keefe says she wore her hair plain over her forehead in an even line almost to her eyebrows. This set the fashion in Dublin, and the word was with all the ladies to have their hair "Catley-fied."

Joseph Vernon was for a long time a favourite singer at Vauxhall. During a remarkably wet summer, Joe, who was not quite as true a timist in money matters as in music, met an acquaintance who had the misfortune to hold some of his dishonoured This man asked Vernon, not uninterestedly, how the Vauxhall Gardens were going on. "Oh, swingingly," answered Joe jocosely. "Glad to hear it," replied the creditor, "for then there is some chance of the singers being able to liquidate their notes." Vernon had taken advantage of the opportunities, at that time so easily obtained, of being married by an irregular practitioner at the Savoy, and then he took a further and base advantage of this irregularity to discard and disown his wife. But this became generally known, and the attendants at Vauxhall made such an uproar, and expressed their indignation so vehemently, that Vernon was forced to go down on his knees in the orchestra, and swear that he would take back his wife and treat her properly for the future. This Savoy marriage was the occasion of the curate who performed the ceremony being tried and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. As for Vernon, he was a dissolute rascal, and Miss Poitier, whom he married at the Savoy, bore an equally bad character. Five years later he married a Miss Macartney, who sobered him, and as the novelists say, they lived happily ever afterwards.

Charles Incledon, another Vauxhall favourite, was one of the finest English tenors of his day. His vanity laid him open to

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many jests. He was a great boaster. On one occasion he said that the quality of his voice had been improved by swallowing a quantity of train oil in mistake. Charles Bannister at once, in allusion to his ungraceful walk, said: "It would have been better if you had swallowed a dancing master." One day at rehearsal he declared that he had at home such Madeira as could be found nowhere else; and on some expression of doubt being uttered, despatched a messenger to his house, with the key of the cellar, desiring Mrs. Incledon to send a bottle from such and such a bin. The wine was brought and duly approved of; but Munden, observing where Incledon put the key, picked his pocket and told the messenger to return, with Mr. Incledon's love to his wife, for a

second bottle, directing that it should be deposited in his own dressing-room. When all was ready he said: "Charles, your Madeira is very good, but I think I have some upstairs that will match it." Other actors were invited as umpires, and declared nem. con. that Munden's was the best, whereas Incledon protested in favour of the former bottle, and called the second sad stuff. In 1803 Incledon was in Dublin, and on returning to England the vessel was wrecked. Several of the passengers were lost; but Incledon, who had been a sailor, saved himself by climbing to the round-top, with his wife lashed to him. They were for many hours in this perilous condition, and were at length picked up by some fishermen.

### A Ghat about Ghristmas Garols.

F all the associations of this season, none are more interesting, few more romantic, than those which cluster around the Christmas Carol. Who can hear the famous Boar's Head Carol without being reminded of the old baronial hall crowded with guests; the boar's head, soused and garnished, borne to the table by a retinue of serving-men; the mistletoe bough and the wassail bowl, which helped to make Yuletide what it is to all of us—the brightest, merriest time of the whole year? "Caput apri defero" is still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, and who can say how many friendships have been cemented, how many misunderstandings laid aside and forgotten, under the influence of that fine old song?

The convivial strain which enters so largely into the earlier carols reflects faithfully the spirit of mirth and revelry characteristic of "Christmas in the olden times." Feasting was the one theme of which the minstrels sang when, with much pomp and ceremony, the wassail bowl made its appearance at the festive board. Perhaps it is because they dealt too exclusively with what may be called the jovial side of Christmas, that so many of these wassail songs have been allowed to pass out of memory. Be this as it may, there is certainly little in a verse like the following to commend it to those who wish to maintain the sacred character of the festival of Yule-tide:—

"Wassail, wassail all over the town,
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl is made of the maplin tree;
We be all good fellows—I drink to thee."

Another wassail verse—this a very ancient one—is much in the same strain:—

"Lordlings, list, for we tell you true,
Christmas loves the jolly crew
That cloudy care defy;
His liberal board is deftly spread
With manchet loaves and wastel bread;
His guests with fish and fowl are fed,
Nor lack the stately pie."

Some idea of the kind of "pie" here alluded to may be gathered from a description of the genuine article given by a newspaper of 1770: "On Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped for London, for Sir Henry Grey, Baronet, a Christmas pie, the contents whereof are as follows: Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, "four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, and four partridges; two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. . . . It is nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about twelve stones, will take two men to present it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case and four small wheels, to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents." Truly a "stately pie"!

The bringing in of the Yule-log, a ceremony of Scandinavian origin, the principal function of Christmas Eve, was invariably accompanied by singing. I give two stanzas from a quaint carol, supposed to be of the time of Henry VI., in the Sloane Manuscripts:—

"Welcome be Thou, heavenly King, Welcome, born on this morning, Welcome for whom we shall sing, Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye, Stephen and John; Welcome Innocents every one; Welcome Thomas, martyr one; Welcome Yule."

There is a reference in another verse of this ditty to the singular custom of preserving part of the log to light the Yule-log of the succeeding year. A superstition prevailed to the effect that its preservation was a safeguard against fire and many other calamities.

Modern carols, beautiful as some of them are, will never supplant in popular esteem the ancient verses and melodies which have been handed down to us by tradition. Concerning one of the finest and best known of these, the following romantic story is told by an African traveller. "We English," he says, "once possessed the Senegal; and there, every Christmas Eve, the Feast of Lanterns used to be held. The native women picked up the words and airs of the carols; the custom had descended to the Gambia, and even to the Casemanche, where it is still preserved. A few minutes after I had ridden up, sounds of music were heard, and a crowd of blacks came to the door, carrying the model of a ship made of paper, and illuminated within; and hollowed pumpkins also lighted up for the occasion. Then they sang some of our dear old Christmas carols, and among others one which I had heard years ago one Christmas Eve at Oxford:—

"'Nowel, Nowel,' the angels did say,
To certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay—
In fields as they lay keeping their sheep,
One cold winter's night which was so deep.
'Nowel, Nowel, Nowel, Nowel,
Born is the King of Israel.'"

"You can imagine with what feelings I listened to those simple words, sung by negresses who knew not a phrase of English besides. You can imagine what recollections they called up, as I sat under an African sky, the palm-trees rustling over my head, and the crocodiles moaning in the river beyond. I thought of the snow lying thick upon the ground; of the keen, clear frosty air. I thought of the ruddy fire which would be blazing in a room I knew; and of those young faces which would be beaming still more brightly by its side. I thought of—oh, of a hundred things, which I can laugh at now, because I am in England, but which, in Africa, made me more wretched than I can well express."

How true it is that Christmas would not be Christmas at all without its carols! The cradle song of the Babe, in honour of whose birth the first carol was sung on the plains of Bethlehem; the legends of "Good King Wenceslas," and "The Holly and the Joy"; the Wassail Song, and the Carol of the Yule-log: there is something in all these which touches a chord of human sympathy, enlarging our Christmas charity and increasing our Christmas joys.



### OWe are bittle Jairies.



E are little fairies,

Dancing round a tree;

Wêre a bright and happy throng,

Singing merrily.

We are little fairies, Sipping fragrant wine, Made by summer sunshine In the flowers divine. It is winter weather,

Snow is on the ground,
And the little fairies

Nowhere can be found.

They have gone to dreamland But will come at night, Bringing Christmas presents, Beautiful and bright.

### The Pathological and Other Uses of Music.

HE organ of tune bears the same relation to the ear that the organ of colour does to the eye. The ear receives the impressions of sounds and is agreeably or disagreeably affected by them; but the ear has no recollection of tones, nor does it judge of their relations. It does not perceive the harmonies of sounds, and sounds, as well as colours, may be separately pleasing, though disagreeable in combination. Every one knows how very different the endowment of this faculty is in different individuals.

A large development of the organ of tune enlarges the lateral part of the forehead, but its form varies according to the direction and form of the convolutions. Dr. Spurzheim observes that in Glück, Haydn, and others, this organ had a pyramidal form. In Mozart and others the external corners of the forehead are enlarged, but rounded. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the heads of birds which sing and of those which do not sing, also the heads of the individuals with large and small tune, will find a great difference on the extreme angle of the eye, as in Beethoven. The study of the development of the faculty from ancient times, along the era when the Chinese gave their notes names, and through the Greek traditions concerning music, is most interesting, and will claim our attention at another time. Tune has a great effect on all the faculties of the mind, and the expert in mental science and the musician fully recognise the fact that music does not depend upon the one faculty of tune, as some suppose, but upon a combination of organs. For instance, the moral group is particularly necessary to appreciate and perform successfully the oratorios and all sacred music. The social group is necessary to appreciate ballad and national music. limity and the executive faculties delight in stirring, vigorous music. Ideality, benevolence, and spirituality, combined with a mental temperament, prefer sweet, tender, and pathetic music. There is something curiously melancholy in national music, which is generally in the minor key.

Some tendency to melancholy seems inherent in music, and Shakespeare's Jessica is not alone in the feeling which she expresses in the words, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music." Music, indeed, often seems as if it scarcely belonged to this material world at all. Music is the only universal language, and teachers of refinement and leading thinkers are rapidly awakening to a sense of the importance of training the young in it most thoroughly and carefully. A thorough knowledge of good music is a golden key which shows its social importance. In every family of taste and refinement it constitutes one of its principal delights; and when one studies the mental bearing of music, and considers the gifts that are possessed by some and not by others, there will be no waste of time, and each will be put into his right groove. Some are adapted to the piano, some to the violin, some to the 'cello, some to the zither, and some to the banjo. If the art of music is cultivated in spare time, a person

soon finds he can give some enjoyment even of the simplest kind A house without music is like a nursery without children.

Many years ago a celebrated writer said that no more original music was possible. Since that time, Mozart, Handel, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and scores of other composers, have given us immortal melodies that have embalmed their memories in millions of grateful hearts. When Dr. Lowell Mason wrote that simple and touching melody, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," he did more towards securing faith and happiness for God's children than all the hollow-hearted prayer and shallow sermons that have been uttered. That music has hygienic value and promotes health is amply proved. Both singing and playing are excellent forms of psychical and intellectual exercise. It has a physical value in many diseases. Gentle music soothes the worn-out nerves, and by the experiments that are being made in asylums for the insane the inmates will, it is believed, in the future, be often cured by it. Undoubtedly, music holds a magic spell over others when mentally or physically fatigued. Dr. Blackman has graphically explained this very point scientifically. He considers that physicians can rely confidently upon its aid, and asserts that music is transmitted by a reflex action on the nerves which govern the supply of blood, and that, further, the effect of music is to dilate the blood-vessels, so that the blood may flow more freely and increase the sense of warmth in the system. By increasing the blood supply, nutrition is effected. Therefore for the improvement of health, which depends upon nutrition, the musician is an indispensable ally to the physician.

From the experiments of a Russian doctor who has studied the physiological effects of music, he concludes that, first, music exhibits an influence on the circulation of the blood; second, the blood pressure sometimes rises, sometimes falls; third, the action of musical tones on men and animals expresses itself by increased frequency of the beats of the heart; fourth, that the variation in the circulation consequent upon the musical sounds coincides with the changes in the breathing; fifth, that the variations in the blood pressure are dependent on the pitch and loudness of the sound and on the tone colour.

That music will some day become an acknowledged therapeutic, and especially a hygienic agent for promoting health and curing disease, few persons will deny. Its influence in this age of hurry and excitement seems especially appropriate. Many thoughtful physicians tell us that for the most part our diseases come from disorders of the nervous system. It is certainly true that numerous ills of the mind precede the ills of the body, and it is even hinted that ennui creates more patients than fever. Disorders of the emotions, or the fatigue consequent upon over-wrought emotion, lie at the root of much of the ill-health to which we are subject.

In using music as a health-giving agent, of course the various moods of mind should be taken into consideration, and its differ-

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SIR,—
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Praye:

The Rector ent varieties used as required. There are certain kinds of music which act upon peculiar organizations injuriously, just as the whip and spur may stimulate the racehorse at first, only to kill him at last. There are other kinds of music, however, which have a tendency to soothe, and perhaps we might add, lubricate, the tired, nervous centres.

To practise the art of music-healing successfully, it would be necessary to study the different temperaments and physical conditions of people, and to observe, write down and remember the different effects which certain kinds of music produce upon certain conditions of body and mind. The fascination of this new calling would lie in the delight of its exercise, amid the variety and endless excitement and surprise which might accrue from its results.

In applying music as a means of cure, judgment, common sense, and, above all, sympathy, will be in part our guide; but, undoubtedly, experience will eventually give us rules for its right application.

Let some congenial friend, well versed in the "divine art," perform upon the violin, guitar, harp, or some kindred instrument capable of producing the sweetest sounds, allowing the patient to lie on a couch, and prescribe the kind most suitable for himself or herself. That the music must be en rapport with the organization of the tired one will soon become manifest. The tact and quick sympathy of the musician must do the rest.

How many a young girl might turn her present uncared-for, unappreciated, and almost useless musical ability to this gentle, tender and humane use! Let her try, and at the end of the evening let her and her patient note the effect upon the body, that will be brought about by the counter-excitement of a nerve current set up by her music.

A few cases will prove our theory. Mrs. Leonard, mother of Lillian Russell, the well-known American Cantatrice, said that a little sister of Lillian's was once lying very dangerously ill. The little one had apparently noticed nothing for several days. A musician who happened to be occupying the adjoining room, perhaps realizing the state of affairs, played a sweet, soft melody upon the violin, of which instrument he was master. The little sufferer, upon hearing it, opened her eyes, and casting an inquiring look around, softly whispered, "Moosic." Shortly after, the musician was invited into the room, where the child lay in a stupor. Another sweet melody brought the little one again to consciousness. "This experiment," remarked Mrs. Leonard, "was followed for

several days, and I attribute my child's recovery almost entirely to the unlooked-for but happy application of the marvellous power of music."

A celebrated physician, well known in New York, stated that a short time ago, he, in company with his wife, had called to see a sick child. Upon reaching the bedside, the doctor became aware that the disease had reached a culminating point. As they and the mother of the child were silently sitting by the bedside, the child, much to their astonishment, feebly whispered the word, "Sing." The mother's heart, already lacerated with deep suffering, could not at once respond; recovering herself, however, she sang one of the melodies from Balfe's Bohemian Girl. The immediately good effect, to the utter astonishment of all present, seemed magical. The mother, overcome with emotion, could sing no more, but the little one, already somewhat revived from the effects of the song, again repeated the word "Sing." The mother again sang a sweet melody, when the child seemed to be lulled into a quiet sleep, and from that moment, said the doctor, her recovery was rapid and sure.

A celebrated physician in the city of Rochester, New York State, said he had acquired his large practice by giving his patients music instead of medicine—occasionally, perhaps, a little medicine, but whenever their nerves could bear it, he gave them a good deal of music. "Many of my brother physicians in the city," he continued, "made me the butt of their ridicule for it, but, you know, the man who laughs last, laughs the longest, and my patients have done a good deal of this kind of laughing."

At Helensburg, the infirmary committee put a piano into the hospital, and a number of ladies formed themselves into a choir, which rendered music, vocal and instrumental, for the benefit of the patients. The beneficial result was, that seven out of ten patients were greatly affected by the music, and their temperature, and the pain from which they were suffering, were much reduced. At Bolton, a party of musicians visit the infirmary once a week, to the great advantage of the patients. Dr. Blackman suggests that a musical box worked by an electric motor might be advantageously employed in cases of insomnia.

If Music and her twin sister, Mental Science, could be more generally studied among the young, and sustained by the English Government as a neurotic or pathological agent, half our prisons and State reformatories might be closed.

LA.F



### Gorrespondence.



To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

There is probably no subject under general discussion in Church society, and indeed amongst Wesleyans and Congregationalists, engaging more interest than the gradual withdrawal from congregations of all participation in the service of praise. Even the majority of the clergy in the Establishment, by their apathy or what else you may please to call it, allow their organists and choirs to reign supreme in this vital matter. Whether this is from sheer laziness or deliberate conviction we cannot say, but a decided under-current of grumbling amongst seriously disposed Churchmen shows that if congregations are to be robbed of all they are privileged and asked to join in by the Reformers of the Prayer-Book, the clergy will, in the near future, have to reckon

with those they have deliberately wronged.

The one great ideal of the English Book of Common Prayer is that, from beginning to end, the services should be congregational; i.e., every worshipper (if real and no sham) should make the Responses (said or sung), chant the Canticles and Psalms, and sing the hymns. This, one would imagine, would give every impetus to that enthusiasm one so much misses in Church con-

The common excuse so easily and frequently made by the Rectors and Vicars is that they leave the matter to the organist—an excuse which, considering the authority it comes from, is in a

way cowardly. The organist naturally wishes to favourably impress his hearers as to his competency to teach their daughters and sons, although, in our opinion, he would gain more of this world's goods by studying to promote good congregational services and practices.

If public worship and praise were acceptable to God only when rendered in the manner of the Three-Choir Festivals, nothing could be said against the deadly silence of modern congregations; but all right-thinking people know that God looks for the best each *individual* being can give Him.

each individual being can give Him.

Here is the fault of our authorities in Church matters, be they archbishops or clergy; and he who runs may read what will be the inevitable result of wilfully denying to the people a true and consistent rendering of the Prayer-Book in our churches, in order to satisfy the vaulting ambition of organists and choirs. What, moreover, has been the outcome of our boasted musical education in the past thirty years if the average congregations in town and country cannot be trusted to render the simple music of the Liturgy? Such efforts as are made by the "Church Congregational Music Association," without being heartily supported by the clergy, can do but little. It has now come to be a matter for the people, and they only can effect a thorough reform.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WHITGIFT, SURREY.

E. G

### Our Gontemporaries.



►HE history of music presents us with several instances of men who broke through the barriers which circumstances or parental will had interposed between them and the pursuit of that art. Schumann, like Handel, was destined for the law; Berlioz was to be a doctor, according to his father's intention; Tschaikowsky was destined for an official career; while three other eminent Russian composers-Borodine, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and César Cui-attained distinction in art while they simultaneously followed the callings of a professor of science, a naval officer, and an officer of engineers respectively. On the other hand, music has sometimes been abandoned by its votaries in favour of other careers, and the Musical Times, dealing this month with Max Müller's genial musical recollections, reminds us of the classical example of Herschel, the astronomer, and his sister. Herschel began life as an oboist in the band of the Hanoverian Guards, and after his arrival in England he kept himself alive by music for several years. He was an excellent violinist; trained the band of the Durham Militia, for Lord Darlington; taught music in Wakefield and Halifax, where he became organist; and on his removal to Bath in 1766, where he accepted the post of organist to the Octagon Chapel, for many years directed concerts and oratorios, composed church music, and gave lessons, until the liberality of George III. set him free to devote his energies to his astronomical researches.—Mr. Corder's second article on Wagner's methods deals with the composer's harmony, and is illustrated by many interesting examples. Wagner, we are reminded, began by being as clumsy in harmony as he was stiff in melody. In his earlier works may be found progressions, especially of concords, little short of barbarous. Some of these early crudities occur from a genuine anxiety to avoid the commonplace; others, one must own, are the result of a not completely developed ear. Mr. Corder's enthusiasm for Wagner's harmony seems to lie mainly in the fact that he managed to get along without the old-fashioned conventional cadences.-Mr. F. G. Edwards continues his interesting articles on the introduction of Bach's music into England. He has much to say this month about the famous "St. Ann's" fugue, known to all organists.

The leading article in the Musical Record is upon Gounod-"a slight critical estimate," the estimate being founded mainly on the autobiographical sketch, letters and essays recently translated into English by the Hon. H. W. Hutchinson. The first thing we are asked to note about Gounod is that he was not at all a profound thinker, nor yet a very sensitive feeler. He never in his life penetrated beneath the surface of any subject : he remained unmoved-his music proves it - in the presence of tragedy, death, the saddest human suffering. His intellect was of the simplest possible order; he lived all his life on two or three thoughts; he was eager all his life for soft voluptuous pleasures. And these truths are manifested alike in his autobiography and his music. In the former one notes that Gounod has remembered only the things about himself that gave him pleasure to recall. He tells us one flattering incident after another, and all in detail and at length; but the unpleasant episodes are shirked or missed out altogether. Whether it is of his school-life he tells, or his life in Rome, or his first attempts and ultimate success in opera in Paris, we see him, good-natured but rather cold-hearted, "making friends quickly and living on excellent terms with those about him," as he himself says, loving nothing but pleasure, and consequently intensely, unconsciously, but habitually selfish, though by no means incapable of occasional unselfishness. He wished to go through life, as it were, in a glass coach, and to sleep on a bed of roses every night; and if he did not quite accomplish this, yet it must be owned that no composer

ever lived an easier or happier life-so far as those who want everything can feel happy. His success in opera enabled him to provide physical luxuries which Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart never knew at all, and which Wagner knew only in his old age; and he guarded against the discomforting thoughts with regard to the future brought by modern science by wrapping himself, as it were, in the thick overcoat of a theological creed proof against all the storms that might blow. Pleasure, indolent luxurious pleasure, was the one thing in life he may be said to have passionately loved; and he probably loved it as no composer has ever loved it before. He therefore expressed in music all the emotions we associate with Marguerite as they were never before expressed, and as they will certainly never be expressed again. Gounod failed in tragedy, for he always dreaded pain too much ever to have experienced it, and not the greatest composer can express what he has never felt. He did not express the fiery, most passionate side of love with anything like the irresistible force and veracity of Wagner in Tristan und Isolde; but the other side-the soft delicious trembling yearnings, the physical delight-he expressed as Wagner never did express or could have expressed them. We may fairly call Marguerite his one achievement. Thus are indicated the one great excellence and the many great shortcomings of Gounod's music in the light of his character. The article should give special pleasure to the Times critic, who recently spoke of the "lugubrious ineptitude" of the composer's posthumous Requiem.

Reminiscences of Mendelssohn seem to be quite on the cards at present. The latest contributor is Mr. Arthur O'Leary, who forms the subject of the Musical Herald's biographical sketch and portrait. Mr. O'Leary as a Leipzig boy student was first introduced to Mendelssohn at dinner, when the composer taught him how to clink glasses "in true German fashion." Mendelssohn lent him "Pickwick," on learning that he had not read that immortal creation. Mr. O'Leary acknowledges the kindness of Hauptmann and Moscheles in giving him private lessons at their own houses. Hauptmann was a great snuff-taker, of which his clothes always bore evident witness. Moscheles was genial and kind, though somewhat short-tempered. When roused, he would seize hold of his pupils' fingers and squeeze them between the black keys or wherever he wanted them to go. Plaidy was the exact opposite to Moscheles. His personal appearance was not prepossessing. He was short, and walked with a limp; his features were deeply pitted, and he spoke with a somewhat rustic twang. Plaidy disliked to let a piece pass till it was absolutely perfect; but Moscheles, probably out of sheer desperation, would often allow difficulties to be shirked. Mr. O'Leary's recollections are very interesting. But why does he speak of Mendelssohn's "Organ Concertos" when no such works exist?-Some of the newspapers treated Mr. Gladstone's recent utterances on the subject of music as a good joke, but our contemporary insists that the Grand Old Man has a perfect right to be heard on the subject; for has he not sung songs at Hawarden penny readings, and did he not take part sixty-four years ago in the old duet, "Could a man be secure?"-The Herald, we observe, has gone in for quoting "the veteran Mr. Joseph Bennett" very largely.

The Lute comes very appropriately with a portrait and biography of M. Colonne, the recent visit of whose orchestra makes somewhat varied criticisms for the musical journals this month. M. Colonne is a man of fifty-eight. His father was musical director at a small theatre in Bordeaux, and on occasion young Colonne took the parent's place in the conductor's chair when only twelve years of age! He took up the violin as his instrument,

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made his way to Paris, and after many ups and downs was installed in 1857 among the second fiddles of the Pasdeloup Concerts. In 1858 he became a member of the orchestra of the Grand Opera, and here he remained for a matter of ten years. As early as 1871 he had already made successful tours as a conductor in America and elsewhere, and when in 1873 it was proposed to present at the Odéon Theatre Lecoule de Lisle's Les Erynnies with music by Massenet, M. Colonne was selected to conduct the orchestra. The success he then achieved resulted in the formation of a concert society, which, however, only held three concerts in the Odéon. The following year the society, upon a new basis and under different auspices, removed its sphere of operations to the Théâtre du Châtelet, and took the name of L'Association Artistique du Châtelet. From that moment down to the present prosperity has been uninterrupted. On March 7, 1892, the director of L'Association Artistique became director of Les Concerts Colonne, the name of the originator and chief organiser of the institution being on that date very justly brought into its proper prominence. The Colonne orchestra, it seems, is a co-operative institution. The members in varying degree share the profits. A correspondent of our contemporary writes wrathfully about his grievances against professional singers-about the way their fees are increasing and the cavalier manner in which some of them treat engagments which, after accepting, they find they are unable to fulfil. The gentleman was, until lately, conductor of two large choral societies which came to grief, as he declares, by the fees exacted by soloists and "the shameful treatment we received from them." There is no doubt that if the fees of vocalists increase as they have been doing of late, these precious birds will soon find that their occupation, like that of Othello, has gone.

The Orchestral Association Gazette falls foul of Mr. Newman for asking his orchestra to take twenty-six Saturday night concerts at "a fee somewhat lower than the usual concert terms." Mr. Newman has argued that the players ought to accept less on the ground that he is putting more into the pockets of orchestral musicians than any one else, especially during the slack season. But many of these players consider that it is unfair to work upon them with this argument. They say that rumours and events at Queen's Hall point too strongly to a permanent orchestra to make it likely that they will be the ones to receive anything at all from him in a short time; and meanwhile they do not imagine that he gives concerts in a philanthropic spirit to oblige them. The notion that Mr. Newman is to orchestral musicians what nobody has ever been before would certainly be amusing. Suppose he puts a certain sum of money a week during a six weeks' Promenade season into the pockets of orchestral musicians, is that sum too much? Promenade concerts during the slack season have been given for double the length of time of Mr. Newman's-and then not for the charitable object of providing employment for orchestral musicians. What of Sir Augustus Harris, and the money he put in the way of orchestral musicians? With his annual grand season of opera, his opera concerts, his occasional spring and autumn seasons of opera, drama season, pantomime season, receptions, balls, promenade concerts, etc., etc., -how would that compare with the Queen's Hall connection? There were kings before Agamemnon. The Gazette has a breezy paper on "Music on Board Ship." But what was the editor doing when he passed such punctuation and such grammar? "And like Mercutio says" is awful.

At the recent meetings of the Congregational Union held at Leicester, Dr. G. S. Barrett read a very practical paper on "Congregational Worship," the greater part of which is given in the Nonconformist Musical Journal. The introduction into the dissenting Churches of some form of liturgy is the most important change suggested by Dr. Barrett, and his feeling is that nothing can be better than the Litany from the Book of Common Prayer. There is certainly a growing feeling among congregations to take more audible part in the services. At present the minister reads, prays, and preaches, while the people simply sing three or four

times. The people really do not want so much done for them, and to meet their desire, a responsive service of some kind, lasting, say, ten minutes, would be a welcome change in the form of worship. Our contemporary has an anecdote which is worth quoting. Mr. Collinson, the organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, was recently examining a short list of candidates for an organist's post in the North. "Now," said he to one of the applicants, "supposing you find a very 'throaty' tenor in your choir, how would you deal with him?" The candidate thought for a moment, and then replied: "I am afraid I should chuck him out." This was undoubtedly the man for the post.

One has heard of certain of the brass instruments being used in place of water buckets at a theatre fire; and the case has even been recorded of a thirsty flautist who used surreptitiously to carry his refreshment to the theatre in a spare instrument with the holes plugged up. But we have never before heard of a bass viol being used as a prospective coffin. The innovation, as we learn from Musical Opinion, was inaugurated in Paris the other week, when a distressed player, unable to pay his rent, crawled into his big fiddle to die. The hapless musician was missed after a day, and was discovered when the landlady seized the instrument for rent. There was some difficulty in getting him out, which suggests the difficulty of how he got in. The poor fellow is said to have been mad, which proves again that when you want originality, you must seek it from a lunatic.-Our contemporary should really choke off Mr. Charles Lunn with his eternal letters on the voice question. "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "you have but two topics, yourself and me; I am sick of both." Let Mr. Lunn apply the little story.

Piano-teaching in these days has run into queer channelshow very queer the reader may learn from Mr. Liebling's witty article on "Fakes" in our American contemporary Music. The ancient table-rappings have been revived, and pupils practise on tables. On the same principle an aspiring cornet or trombone player had better develop his musical ability on a lung tester, before tackling the euphonious instrument of his choice. We have had dactylions, technicones, and techniphones, hand guides, finger-weights, and no end of other mechanical contrivances. But in no case, as Mr. Liebling remarks with a fine touch of sarcasm, in no case on record has the inventor played himself, or improved his own playing if he did any, by the use of his machine. It has always been the other party who has had to take the word of the party of the first part and pay for it. "When one person only believes in a thing he is a crank; if he can convert many to the same belief he is a fanatic; but when he convinces everybody he is a hero. The advocates of these mechanical modes of piano study have never yet passed the initial stage of development, and are in much the same position as the bald-headed barber who recommends his own hair-tonic." Well said, Mr. Liebling.-The typographical errors in our contemporary are positively terrible. Mr. Mathews must really get his office boy to look over his proofs. Fancy Mr. Woodward, the composer of "The Radiant Morn," being set down as the "Rev. H. H. Sherwood"!

In the Revue Hebdomadaire M. Gevaert has an interesting account of a visit paid to the house at Bonn, in which Beethoven was born. The walls of the room where the great composer first saw the light are covered with dull paper. At the right on entering one sees a square of yellow crumpled vellum; this is a facsimile copy of the baptism of Beethoven copied from the registers of Saint Remi:—

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PATRINI:
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Beethoven et Gertrudis Mullers,
dicta Baums.

At first, says M. Gevaert, we paid no attention to this, so great was our emotion in crossing the threshold of the door. The bust

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alone attracted us. Beethoven, towards the end of his life, would doubtless have joyfully revisited his early home, but no event or circumstance ever led him thither. While our imagination is busy with the bust and the floral offerings, our eyes turn to the low and wretched walls of the room. The painful life of the genial artist, his endless misery, the sad moral distress that darkened his latest years pass before us, and the memory of our visit to Bonn is tinged with an inexpressible sadness. The house, of course, is now a kind of Beethoven museum, having been purchased for that

purpose some years ago. The garden was restored to look as it did in the olden time, and all the restorations were made with the most religious care. The museum collection was then taken under consideration. The Emperor gave some ear trumpets that formerly belonged to the master, and the Government also gave the celebrated portrait painted by Schimon and the quartet instruments that had belonged to Beethoven. These examples were widely imitated, and to-day the house in the Bonngasse is too small to contain all the curiosities that popular enthusiasm has poured into it.



### Grgan and Ghoir.

The Best AT last the memorial bust of Mr. W. T. Best has Memorial. been unveiled at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the scene of the eminent organist's most notable life-work. Unfortunately the facial features of the bust are said to be quite unlike the original; at any rate, apologies were made on this score for the sculptor. At the unveiling ceremony Mr. Alderman Bowring gave a concise account of Mr. Best's musical career. Born at Carlisle in 1826, he was organist of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, in 1840, and in 1847 was appointed to the same position in connection with the church for the blind. In 1851 he played at the Great Exhibition, and in 1855 was appointed organist to the Liverpool Corporation, a post which he held for thirty-nine years. Alderman Bowring gave one the idea in his speech that Mr. Best never played anything on the organ but sacred music! By the way, what is being done about the appointment of Mr. Best's successor?

Half a century ago the musical world of the Church Organists. had worked itself into a harmless fever of excitement over the question of giving employment to the blind organist. Now a days the blind organist is not by any means a rara avis. The Rev. T. H. Gregory, Vicar of Whalley, near Blackburn, in a letter addressed to a contemporary, says: "The organist of the grand old church I have come to is quite blind, as his brother and father have been. He tells me the organ, which was built in 1727, and brought here from Lancaster Parish Church, was opened by his father in 1813, and that thus his family have played for eightythree years. It is marvellous how he remembers the pointing of the Psalter, and Hymn Tunes, number of verses, etc. There is now, I fear, very little in the organ worth preserving. I examined it with the tuner the other day. The restoration of the Nave, or rather the re-arrangement of the beautifully carved oak seats in the nave, will be undertaken before long, when the arrangement for a new organ will have to be decided upon. The chancel of the church is exceedingly fine, and is a great attraction to those visiting Whalley." Three blind organists, two of successive generations, and all playing in the same church, is surely a unique circumstance!

An Original The following is said to be a verbatim copy of a Testimonial testimonial recently given by an Aberdeen musician to an applicant for a local organistship: "Mr. A—— is well up in Bass. This may mar the even tenor of his ways, but he can shift a lot al-to himself; and could, with a little persuasion, shift treble as much. If the organ is driven by hydraulics, it must be confessed Mr. A—— is not the man. He knows absolutely nothing about water." If any one really worked off a production like this, he deserves to go to that place where, according to Heine, the roast goese fly around with gravy boats in their bills, and one smiles as if enraptured when some Hallelujah brother treads on his corns.

Roman Catholic The Roman Catholic organist abroad seems to be Organists. a much harder-worked individual than his Protestant brother in this happy England of ours. When Dr. Burney was

in Cologne in 1772 he wrote: "It is very difficult in Roman Catholic countries to hit upon a proper time for trying an organ, or hearing an organist, as the several services continue from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at noon; and afterwards, from two till near night; and even during the small recess from duty the servants of the church are either at dinner or from home upon their own concerns; so that, except during the time of divine service, I could hardly ever get an opportunity of hearing an organist or an organ." This statement, according to a London organist who has been holidaying on the Continent, is equally true at the present time. At five o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the continuous ringing of church bells, and he heard the organ in a church near his hotel being played at that early hour. This playing was kept up with very little intermission' for several hours afterwards. Perhaps there is a "night shift."

Essentials of a Mr. A. J. Eyre, late organist of the Crystal Palace, Good Organist insists on organ students 'earnestly practising the piano, and holds that the organ improves the piano touch by strengthening the fingers and cultivating legato-playing. On the whole, he thinks that organists do not vary the tone quality sufficiently, and their playing is monotonous. It should be remembered that the mind, more than the fingers, has to do with the freedom with which good players make use of the stops. The organist must study harmony and counterpoint. Transposition and playing from open score are essentials, and facility in playing from figured bass as well as extemporaneous playing should be aspired to. Every opportunity should be taken to learn how to train a choir, and voice-production and solo singing cannot be neglected. A knowledge of the structure of the organ is another imperative,and altogether the competent organist has to pass many years in hard study.

Bagpipes in One has heard church music accompanied by a church. Variety of instruments, but never yet by the bagpipe. I read, however, the other day of an enterprising Scotch minister in Melbourne who has his male choristers put into Highland dress, while the ladies are attired in the costume of the "Lady of the Lake." The hymns are sung to the strains of the bagpipe, and these innovations are so attractive that the church is crowded! The people of Melbourne must surely be a long-eared race.

We are indebted to the London Figuro for the following delightful story. A good old homespun lady had attended for some time a church in which the service was intoned. Meeting the vicar in the street one day, she said to him: "Mr. Pasture, I've a little favour to ask of ye. I've bin a-sayin' my prayers in F now for nigh on to five years, and I would reelly like to say them in E for a while. I'm getting so husky in F now that I can't jine in as I used to do." By-and-by, no doubt, the old soul will want to "jine in" in D.

The New Archbishop. Bishop Temple used to relate some years ago that Archbishop. when he was once worshipping in an East End Church, where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, he joined in the singing to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his efforts on those near him may be imagined. At the close of the second verse of the hymn, the

patience of a working man on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted. Not recognising the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave the Bishop a sharp dig in the ribs, and the latter, on turning for an explanation, was told to "dry up; you're spoilin' the whole show." How many people ought to get a dig in the ribs!

### → " A Merry Ghristmas." >+

MITHERS and I had taken our seats.

A man upon the platform was bidding good-bye to a friend who was in the next compartment.

Presently the guard blew his whistle.

"A Merry Christmas, old fellow!" I heard the man on the platform say, as the train began to move.

"A Merry Christmas," was the reply.

We steamed slowly out of the station. Smithers, who, though a musician, takes an unaccountable interest in politics, was soon deep in the leading article of the morning paper. I sat thinking over the associations which the words I had just listened to conjured up.

"A Merry Christmas!" Did not the familiar salutation bring back to my mind some of the jolliest days of my life—days redolent with cakes and crackers, misses and mistletoe? Now it was Christmas Eve once more, and I was looking forward with as much delight and as much zest as ever to a repetition of the old programme.

I could not help wondering if Smithers was doing the same, and glanced across at him just in time to catch him looking at me. In a moment his eyes fell again upon the leading article, but I could see he was not reading. At last I spoke.

"How much there is in those words 'A Merry Christmas'!" I said. "What a variety of meanings they must have for different people!"

Smithers folded up his paper without any apparent reluctance.

"I remember," he answered, "when they had no meaning whatever for me."

"You?"

"Yes, six years ago to have wished me a Merry Christmas would have been but to mock me. I had no money, no position, and, which follows as a matter of course, no friends. My only possession-that I should have been better without-was ambition. I wanted to make a name as a composer-a composer of good things, mind you. I wrote industriously, I think I wrote well, but no one would listen to my compositions, and all the publishers declined them with thanks. My own family threw me over as a ne'er-do-weel, I tried to eke out an existence by teaching, but it was no good; I had no ability that way-no tact, and my misfortunes had so soured my temper, that I bullied my pupils till they one and all became afraid of me, and went for their lessons elsewhere. To tell the plain, unvarnished truth, when December came round, I was destitute-absolutely destitute; and, in those circumstances, I think you will agree that 'a Merry Christmas' is out of the question."

I looked incredulously at Smithers. It was difficult to believe that he was serious. Smithers, the leading light of the musical world, the man whom the whole profession delighted to honour, who was even spoken of as a not improbable candidate for knighthood! Destitute indeed!

"Tell me the story," I demanded.

"What story?"

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"The story of your good fortune. The fact that you are Smithers proves that it came. How and when did it come?"

"That is my secret."

"Then let it remain a secret no longer. Are there not many poor beggars amongst us to day as hard up as you were at the time of which you speak? If there is a chance for them, it is surely your duty—your privilege to——"

"Don't be a hypocrite, man," interrupted Smithers. "You know that you are looking out for a story for that precious Christmas Number of yours. Is it not so?"

I did not contradict him. I thought it advisable to let him have his own way.

"Well, I am getting out in ten minutes," he went on. "You shall have as much as I can tell in that time."

"Do you ever dream? Of course you do. Perhaps you have dreamt articles, stories and things of that kind before now. If so, you will not be surprised to hear that once in my life I dreamt a tune. I don't know why. It certainly was not the result of a heavy supper. I used to go to bed hungry in those days, for it was the stony-broke period. Anyhow, one night I dreamt a tune-a poor, washed-out, milk-and-watery waltz tune. Now, waltz tunes are not much in my line, goodness knows; yet this came into my mind so clearly that, had it been anything else, I should have considered it a genuine inspiration. As it was, the next morning every note was fresh in my memory, and, do what I may, I could not get that tune out of my head. I caught myself humming it wherever I went, and when I sat down to the piano it came to the tips of my fingers without waiting to be called for. There was no help for it. I played it over and over again, and each repetition increased the contempt I felt for it."

Smithers stopped as if afraid of having all the talk to himself, and I remarked:

"There must have been something in that tune to haunt you so persistently."

"So Hall said," he answered, "when I told him the story over my last pipe of tobacco that same afternoon. He insisted on hearing it, and when I had played it (for the twentieth time at least) he begged me to give him a copy. I did so, and a day or two afterwards it came back with a note from Hall to say that Gray and Wood had offered five guineas for the manuscript."

"Five guineas!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Yes. 'Twas a fortune to me, but I couldn't for a long time make up my mind to accept the offer. Should L who had consistently condemned everything light as mischievous and degrading to art, help to flood the market with trash of the flimsiest kind? Then I looked at my tobacco jar, and that settled the matter. In a moment all my qualms and all my lofty notions disappeared. I decided, there and then, to part with my copyright, and delivered the waltz to Gray and Wood myself the very next morning."

I looked at my watch; we were nearing Smithers' destination.

"Of course it sold by thousands," I said, for I wanted to hear the end of the story. "It's strange that I never come across it. What name did you give it?"

"It was published as 'The Dream Waltz!"

I considered for a moment.

"'The Dream Waltz'-surely that was by Camille Clive."

Smithers waited to button his overcoat before answering.

"There is the secret," he said, leaning over to me as if afraid of being overheard. "Camille Clive and Alfred Smithers are one and the same individual. Camille Clive makes money, Alfred Smithers makes reputation. I have come to see that one is unattainable without the other, and it's hard to say which of my names I value most. At any rate, I can never forget that it is to the former that I owe the first Merry Christmas I had spent for many a year. Here is my station. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. A Merry Christmas."



### OWords for Music.



SMILE THROUGH THY TEARS.

MILE through thy tears, love, and then I must leave thee;
Rose of my heart, raise thy beautiful head;
Let not this parting have power to grieve thee;
Smile as thou wilt when our sorrows have fled.

Only our hands, not our spirits, shall sever:
Will not thy heart fly with mine o'er the sea?
Can I forget thee, my darling?—Ah, never;
Smile through thy tears and be faithful to me.
52, Bede Street, Leicester.

Give me thy hand, for the night gathers o'er us;
Bright be the dreams it may bring to thy rest,—
Dreams of the future now dawning before us,
Dreams of the day when our love shall be blest.

Bound as I am by the spell of thy beauty,
How can I leave thee alone with thy fears?
Hark!'Tis the signal! O teach me my duty;
Bid me farewell, dear, and smile through thy tears.

ALFRED BRANT.

### The Song of the Angels.

T was a beautiful summer afternoon in the little town of Breçon, in the South of France. Clément Gavouard, the organist of the pretty church, which is one of the principal features of Breçon, was sitting in the garden adjoining the house of the wealthy Monsieur Roquard, the richest merchant in Breçon. By his side was the daughter of Roquard—a lovely, darkhaired maiden—one of that description of whom it has been said

"Their souls are in their eyes."

They were talking earnestly about something — something that was very exciting to both of them, for at every moment as they conversed the young man's eyes flashed and the girl's bosom heaved.

"No," she was saying. "I can never be yours until you fulfil my desire. I have resolved that no man shall call me wife, who has not proved himself worthy to be a son of our beloved France Ennoble your calling; be inspired by the great masters of our patrie. Conceive in your soul such glorious harmonies as have impelled other sons of France to give their conceptions to the world, and that will I accept as proof of your devotion."

"But, ma chère," expostulated Clément, "it is impossible. How can I, a mere organist, aspire to the magnificent productions of these great masters? They were inspired by genius to give to the world their melodies—genius which I do not possess. The thing you ask is impossible. Oh, reconsider, ma Cécille," he concluded desperately.

"I have made my decision," she replied sadly, "and it cannot now be altered. Do what I ask of you; do that which I am assured you can do if you will, then will I gladly and willingly accord you the desire of your heart," and, without giving a chance to reply, the girl quickly disappeared from sight amongst the vines.

The afternoon was advanced when Clément Gayouard walked to St. Elvos, the church of which he was choir-master and organist. The boys were already in their places in the stalls as he took his seat at the organ. He struck a few chords, and then the boys rose, and their clear, bell-like voices rang sweetly through the empty church as they chanted the Litany.

Then they silently filed out of the church, leaving Clément Gavouard still at his seat at the organ. He remained for some time musing, and as he stretched his hands nonchalantly over the keys and struck a chord upon the organ, a ray of the setting sun gleamed through the stained glass windows, and fell upon the white marble crucifix above the altar. The notes re-echoed through the church. Then power seemed to come to him as he played, an air echoed through the building indicative of unrest, then it broadened out to a tuneful melody that told of peace, joy and hope; it rang majestically through the old church; never before had those walls imprisoned such music, such heaven-born melody.

A little chorister, peeping inside the dim church, heard the weird hymn, and ran home frightened to tell his mother how he had heard the music of the angels in the church. As the organist continued, his air finally resolved itself into a grand hymn of praise.

Closing the organ, Clément Gavouard lest the church, and walked rapidly home to his snug little cottage. Arriving there, he took manuscript and wrote while the darkness sell. Late that night he paid a visit to his friend Herr von Fükel, the well-known musical director of all the concerts that took place in the town. They had a long conversation in the early morn. Clément Gavouard walked home as though he trod on air. Herr von Fükel rubbed his hands delightedly, and surveyed the manuscript that his friend had lest him with an air of extreme satissaction.

A month or two after this, Breçon was startled by the announcement that a great concert was soon to be given in the town, at which the masterpiece of a local musician was to be produced. Posters were placarded everywhere, the newspapers speculated and enlarged upon the coming event, and the town was in a state of excitement when the eventful night arrived. The concert room was packed to the doors, while a dense crowd struggled outside to gain admittance to the overflowing hall.

Wealthy and titled gentlemen and grand ladies of society were amongst the audience that night, for the fame of Gavouard's music had spread far beyond Breçon, and many had come from many neighbouring towns to hear the much talked of production.

At last the introductory pieces were finished, and the pièce de resistance was now to be given this time by more experienced artists and by a full orchestra. There was a hush throughout the hall as the conductor raised his bâton, and then the same majestic music stole through the air, soft at first, then gradually gathering in strength, till at last it burst out into one grand crescendo that swelled forth into an indescribable melody. People held their breath and drank in the enchanting notes, and many a one, who had not wept for years, secretly brushed away tears.

When the closing strains gradually rose higher and higher, and melted into silence, there was an intense hush, and then, as if with one impulse, the great audience started to their feet and cheered and cheered again till the place rang. Ladies threw bouquets upon the platform, and for a short time the place was a scene of indescribable enthusiasm.

Clément Gavouard then appeared on the platform and made his "obeisance," which was the signal of a fresh outburst of cheering, but quickly disappearing from view, he made his way into an anteroom. Pushing aside the curtains, he entered; there, with a welcome smile upon her face, was Cécille Roquard.

It is not necessary to relate what passed between them. Clément Gavouard composed many pieces of music after that memorable night, but none of them ever equalled his first composition, Le Chant des Anges, which was the rage of Paris for many years after its introduction.

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## Selected Subjects. 2

MAX MÜLLER AND MENDELSSOHN.

AX MULLER has recently unburdened himself of some musical recollections, in the course of which we have some interesting reminiscences of Mendelssohn. As a student at Berlin, the Professor was a frequent visitor at the Hensels' house and heard many a private concert given in the large room looking out on the garden. Mendelssohn, he tells us, played almost every instrument in the orchestra, and had generally to play the instrument which he was supposed to play worst. When he played the piano he was handicapped by being made to play with his arms crossed. Of Mendelssohn's engagement there is the following charming anecdote. News had reached the composer's friends that his heart had been won by a young lady of Frankfort; but nobody, not even his most intimate friend, knew for certain. However, one evening he had just returned from Frankfort and had to conduct one of the Gewandhaus concerts. The last piece was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I had sung in the chorus, and found myself on the orchestra when the concert was over, the room nearly empty, except his personal friends, who surrounded and teased him about his approaching engagement. His beaming face betrayed him, but he would say nothing to anybody, till at last he sat down and extemporised upon the pianoforte. And what was the theme of his fantasy? It was the passage of the chorus "Wer ein schönes Weib errungen, mische seinen Jubel ein." That was his confession to his friends, and then we all knew. And she was, indeed, "ein schönes Weib"

#### PAGANINI'S PRANKS.

when she arrived at Leipzig. One thing only she lacked-she

could not express all she felt. She was soon called the "Goddess

of silence," by the side of her devoted husband, who never could

be silent, but was always bubbling over like champagne in a small

At a recent promenade concert Mr. Dunn was set down as soloist in Paganini's Concerto in D. The concerto is, however, really in E flat. Paganini, in order to produce some novel effects, wrote the solo part in D, but tuned his violin half a tone higher, and placed the orchestral accompaniments in E flat. As a matter of fact, Paganini tuned his fiddle and played all his compositions, with the exception of his quartets and caprices, in B flat. He had a comparatively small tone, and his aim was solely to make the solo part brilliant. By tuning his fiddle in B flat, he got, when playing a piece in D, the most brilliant tone out of his instrument that it was capable of; whereas the orchestra, playing in E flat, had no vibrating notes (D, A, F sharp, etc.), and was consequently, as it were, muffled. It is an extremely ingenious trick, and one wonders that modern composers do not resort to it in order to bring out the solo part better. Mozart, who was for his time an excellent violin and viola player, as his Concertos that he played in public prove, was fully alive to the importance of this measure, for in his Symphony Concertante for violin and viola (with orchestra), written about forty years before Paganini wrote his concertos, he had the viola tuned in B flat, whereas the violin (playing in E flat) and orchestra were tuned in A, thereby giving the viola more brilliancy than it otherwise would have had. It is very interesting to note this, for there is no evidence to show that any composer before Mozart did the same. In modern times the Paganini Concerto is mostly played in D, which is a great pity, but it is the natural result of all other compositions being written for a fiddle tuned in A, as a violinist cannot risk playing one piece with his instrument tuned in A and the next in B flat. Sivori always played it in E flat, i.e., in D, with the violin tuned in B flat. Lotto did the same, but he had two fiddles, one for the Paganini compositions and another for other works.

HANS SACHS AND "DIE MEISTERSINGER."

A writer in the Yorkshire Post makes an attempt to fix the age of Hans Sachs at the period which Wagner's music drama depicts. He says: "We have never seen notice taken of the fact that the exact date of the action of Die Meistersinger can be established. The year must be one of two, for Hans Sachs is referred to as a widower, and the period of his widowhood dates from March, 1560 to August, 1561. Much the more probable is the latter year, for his apprentice would not be likely to suggest his marrying again three months after his wife's death. The exact date must, therefore, be June 23 and 24, 1561 the eve of St. John the Baptist's or Midsummer Day, and the festival itself. At this date Hans Sachs was sixty-seven years of age, but it would be mere pedantry to insist that his impersonator should necessarily make up in exact accordance with this fact. Still, Mr. Ludwig, the excellent Sachs of the Carl Rosa production, apparently cares so little for verisimilitude in this matter that his first entry upon the stage gives one quite a shock. There are many contemporary portraits of Hans Sachs. One, taken in his fifty-first year (Bronsamer's woodcut) represents him with a full, square-cut beard, and, so far as can be seen under his cap, curly locks in fair abundance. Even in his eighty-first year, according to Herneisen's painting, he had a profusion of side locks, though his hair had become thin at the top. Quite apart, however, from historical accuracy, the authentic portraits present a far more picturesque appearance than Mr. Ludwig's Vandyck beard and close-cropped cranium, and are more in accordance with the fatherly character of the man as presented so genially by Wagner." Mr. Ludwig most certainly made a mistake in representing Hans with short hair and Vandyck beard. But although the writer in the Post proves that Sachs was sixty-seven years of age, it is pretty clear that Wagner did not mean the shoemaker poet to be so old as that.

#### A PERMANENT ORCHESTRA NEEDED.

A writer in The Speaker, discussing the backward condition of London in regard to the orchestra, says: "The truth is that before any band can become a vehicle for the highest musical expression its units must be polarized to the mood of one man, and that man the conductor. Let any one who doubts this consider the effect of a performance under Richter. His band is composed principally of men who also form the nucleus of every other first-rate London orchestra. Richter cannot secure more than the insufficient number of rehearsals usually available for a London concert, yet his results are different, not merely in degree but in kind, from those of our own organization. Mottl, too, with the assistance of players who have been under the spell of Richter, has been able during the past season to give us readings (notably those of the Eroica, and Pastoral symphonies) which must have constituted a new experience to many of those who heard them. Let it be remembered, however, that it is with our own London bands that these concerts have been given. We hasten to record our conviction that the English orchestral player is in many respects the most efficient in the world. The tone of the wind instruments, and especially of the brass, is infinitely finer than that of most continental orchestras; and, when we compare the strings, our superiority, both in tone and technique, is still more manifest. It is not, therefore, to any incapacity on the part of our artists that we must look for an explanation of our comparative failure, but rather to the conditions as regards rehearsal and organization under which they have to do their work. The limit of what is possible on the present lines has been reached. No further progress can be hoped for until London has a permanent orchestra attending regularly for practice, and paid for every attendance. The rehearsals should preferably be held at night, when the executant musician is at his best, and

should assume all the importance of performance before the public. An exhaustive repertoire could then be prepared, to be drawn upon as required by the programme of each concert. The selection of this band must be made without fear and without favour, but with a single eye to the musical result."

#### A FIDDLE AS A CHURCH VANE.

A church vane in the form of a fiddle is surely unique. Many years ago there lived at Great Ponton, near Grantham, a poor labouring man, who increased his scanty earnings by playing the fiddle at fairs and feasts and other places. He was a most careful man, saving every penny he could to enable him to emigrate to America. There hard work and sound judgment soon enabled him to become rich. In the period of his prosperity he did not forget his old home in Lincolnshire. He provided money for the erection of a handsome church at Great Ponton, and in doing this he made one condition, namely, that a model, in copper, of his favourite fiddle be placed on the summit of the sacred pile. There it is to-day, a reminder of the founder's "hard times," when he was glad to make a copper out of his instrument.





ADAME NORDICA is the proud possessor of the only dog that has ever been inside the Bayreuth Opera House during a performance. A maid smuggled it in under her cloak; but the animal was no Wagnerian, for it yelped at the music, and, they say, Madame Wagner has never forgiven it.

Mr. R. Somers, bandmaster of the Royal Engineers, Chatham, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Dan Godfrey as bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards.

They seem to have made pitiful puns in the good old days. Just look at this on Ole Bull, the violinist: Mr. T. Cooke, who is an inveterate and hardened punster, in answer to a question where Mr. Ole Bull came from, said "from Cowes." Punning, like mocking, is catching. "Yes," said our friend Parry, "and when he was dining lately at Oxford, a cockney present observed, 'did you heifer see a better calver?"

An American organist has published an analysis of the music of Niagara Falls. He says that Niagara gives a tone and not a roar, and that its beat is just once per second.

A first cousin of Wagner's has been discovered at Sunderland by the local *Echo*. His name is Christopher Edmund Wagner; he is 69, and lives in Nesham Square in rather humble circumstances. The *Echo* says that Wagner discovered his cousin quite by accident in Liverpool; but one doubts if Wagner was ever in Liverpool.

At the Victoria Era Exhibition, to be held at Earl's Court in 1897, there will be a section devoted to music. An epitome of sixty years of the art in England should be interesting.

Saint Saëns says he will compose no more operas. "The work is too laborious, too long, and, in a word, too fatiguing for me."

The Guildhall School of Music, which started in 1880 with 63 pupils, has now 3,700 on the roll. This makes it the largest school of music in the world.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie has sent a donation of £100 to the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. "It is an ill wind," etc. This, we presume, comes from the Saturday Review "damages."

The Calvinistic Methodists of Wales have officially drawn the attention of "the young people who take delight in music" to the impropriety of their taking part in concerts and entertainments that are held "in unworthy places," and especially to their singing "low and vulgar songs." Query, What is an "unworthy place"?

"The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé" will be issued shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Messrs. Kirkman, the old-established piano manufacturers, are retiring from business.

The Carrodus Scholarship has mounted up very slowly to the sum of £73.

Dr. Nansen had a harmonium on board the "Fram," and several of the men could play it. Every morning the crew was called to watch by "Jensen's Amalia Polka," played by the first engineer.

In Sweden the music hall and variety entertainment has been suppressed by law. Orchestral music takes its place.

A reliable authority is said to have estimated that about 800 concerts may be expected to take place in Berlin this season.

The critics are naturally aghast at the prospect, and are said to be contemplating severe measures of self-defence.

It is a pleasure to record that the traditions of Jenny Lind and other great singers in the matter of charity are still maintained by some among their successors. Frau Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch has discharged the cost of maintaining a free bed at the Augusta Hospital at Berlin, for a destitute and invalid musician.

The supposed remains of Sebastian Bach, discovered last year, are to be preserved, along with those of Gellert the poet, his contemporary, in a crypt under the new church of St. Thomas at Leipzig. A little more than half the sum necessary for the proposed monument has been raised.

At Accrington recently the "Hallelujah" chorus was performed as a concertina solo! Sir Frederick Ouseley once heard the same thing on a flute!

Professor Bridge likens a bad start in a choir to the first efforts of a cyclist. He can go on all right if he is given a start. Too many singers wait until some one pushes them off.

Diabolism in music, according to Joseph Bennett, belongs to the bass, and tenors are nice amiable men who in no sense can properly make up for the part of Satan. cer

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Patti promises to learn enough Welsh to sing "Land of my fathers" in the vernacular next year.

The late Emil Behnke, the voice trainer, used to say that the fact of his having once sold tobacco in Birmingham would effectually prevent his ever being invited to lecture at the Midland Institute; and so it did.

A new two-manual organ, built by Mr. Eustace Ingram, of London, has just been opened at the Wesleyan Church of Brightlingsea, Essex. There were excellent programmes for afternoon and evening of the inauguration day.

A Wellington (New Zealand) correspondent writes to say that great preparations are being made by Mr. Maughan Barnett's Musical Society for the musical festival to be given at Wellington December 1 to 4. There will be a chorus of some 300, and an orchestra of 50.

Apropos of the proposed revival of the lute, a Hamburg critic once declared that a lute player who lived eighty years would have spent sixty in tuning his instrument.

While tuning his instrument before playing his solo at an evening party, the enthusiastic amateur said to his host, "My violin, sir, is a very old one." "Never mind," replied the old man kindly, "I dare say nobody will take any notice."

Percy Frostick, the prodigy violinist, who made such a success at one of the Promenade Concerts, is a pupil of Wilhelmj. The latter was so pleased at the lad's triumph that he presented him with a valuable Cremona, said to be worth two hundred guineas.

A correspondent writes as follows to a contemporary: "I shall be much obliged if your readers will kindly inform me if there is plenty of music published for a string orchestra, and where it can be procured." Where does the hermit live?

It is a risky thing playing in the theatre orchestra. At Daly's Theatre the other evening the first horn player was leaning back in his seat with his instrument on his knees when an opera-glass

crashed down on his horn. If he had been playing, his head must have received the blow.

Mr. George Riseley, of Bristol, is to have a public testimonial. Already about £500 have been collected, and it is hoped to raise £1,000.

A report has been circulated that Brahms is suffering from cancer. Mr. Joseph Bennett, however, says the trouble has been a liver one, resulting in jaundice.

Messrs. Augener, the music publishers, have got £6,200 from the Central London Railway Company for their interest in the old premises at 22, Newgate Street.

The third annual Music Trade Exhibition will be held at the Agricultural Hall, from July 9 to 20 next year.

Messrs. Rudall, Carte & Co. have issued their admirable and well-known Professional Pocket Book for 1897. Its daily and hourly engagement diary is specially adapted to the needs of professional musicians.

Mons. Guilmant, the celebrated organist, speaking of the Bayreuth performances, "would like more ebb and flow in the sound of the music, as is done by the organ swell." He has no doubt that had Wagner lived he would have put the band in a box with shutters! Rather hard on the band, eh?

The Carl Rosa Company contemplate giving an opera season at the Prince of Wales' Theatre at the beginning of the New Year.

The Editor of the Musical Standard must really look more sharply after his printers. The other day he gave us the specification of an organ opened in "the Catnanistic Method Chapel, Llanidoes." He meant, we presume, the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel.

Mendelssohn's classic was the Bible. Once in a village on the Rhine he wrote: "There are always two things I must have when I make a tarry; one is a Bible, the other a piano."

Mr. W. H. Cummings is not in favour of musical students going to Italy. He has known students come back from Milan absolutely ruined as singers, and it is a fallacy to imagine that the expense is less in Italy—the fees of the most notable professors, for private lessons, are quite as high, sometimes higher than those charged for similar lessons in London. The cost of living in Milan is also greater, and to this must be added the expenditure for journeying to and from Italy.



#### North Staffordskire Musical Jestival.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

F the many musical festivals which have been held recently none was more successful than the fourth Triennial Festival which took place in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, on October 30 and 31. The district has long been noted for its choristers. Yet the choir of the festival under notice was certainly one the like of which had never been heard in Hanley before. There were some three hundred voices, the pick of the district; while the orchestra was drawn from London and Birmingham, Mr. Willy Hess taking the first violin. The principal vocalists were Miss Ella Russell, Miss Medora Henson, Miss Marie Hooton, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. D. Ffrangçon Davies. The programme on the first evening contained Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, Barnby's The Lord is King, and Beethoven's Mount of Olives. Of Barnby's The Lord is King very little is known. Composed in 1883 for the Leeds Festival, it is not a work of large dimensions, consisting of seven numbers only; yet it is undoubtedly one of Barnby's masterpieces. It would be useless here to criticise all the renderings of the different items of the respective works, so, summing up in a line or two, I may say that the principals, chorus, and orchestra all did splendidly. Of course the solos in the work, as I have said before, are somewhat weak, and therefore it would be unfair to criticise the principals here. Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise was delightfully treated. The chorus sang with splendid tone throughout, the tenors being exceedingly fine, without any hardness being observable in the upper notes. The duet, "My song shall be alway," was one of the best items in the whole festival, and was given by Miss Henson and Mr. Ben Davies. In Beethoven's work Mr. B. Davies surpassed all his previous efforts, he taking the part representing Jesus. The chorus here were a trifle weak, and not uniform in voice. On the following morning, the cantata, King Olaf, specially written at the request of the Committee by Mr. Edward Elgar, was given, Again the large building was filled. The libretto is taken from Longfellow's poem, with additional lyrics by Mr. Ackworth. The introduction consists of a trio with chorus of a very weird character, indicating the mythological origin of the libretto. After a short recitative by the bass, we come to the piano, working up by a crescendo to fortissimo, culminating in the daring challenge of Thor to Christ, "Here I defy Thee." The work progresses with King Olaf's return, in which Mr. Edward Lloyd manifested the exceptional powers with which nature has endowed him. His performance was

dramatic to a degree, he taking up the gauntlet in the words, "I accept thy challenge, Thor," declaimed with much grandeur. After a recitative by the bass, we come to the scene of the conversion of the men of Drontheim assembled, as were Israel's hosts, on Carmel to make the momentous decision between the false god and Jehovah; issuing in this, as in the earlier, by the Acceptance of the All-Father. In this number, the chorus enters mezzo forte with a flowing theme cantabile in the manner of a German chorale in unison, amplifying into four-part harmony fortissimo the words "All exalted," delightfully crisp and staccato, while "Smiting the walls of Asgard" flashed out with dazzling brilliance. Mr. F. Davies here, as Ironerard, the champion of Thor, seemed permeated with the spirit of the situation as antagonist to Olaf, and when finally he has to bow the knee to the prowess of the disciple of Christ, he sings his requiem, "All-Father, I come," most devoutly, with true dramatic conception; his dying words, "With his face to the slayer doth Ironerard die," being given with passionate declamation. The chorus then relates how the cross of Christ was seen on the blood-stained hogstone, told in mysterious tones by soprani and contralti, and in this there is a theme for oboe of surpassing beauty. The words, "The power of Christ was felt," were sung by the full chorus with overwhelming effect. After a few bars of tenor solo, the harp enters with arpeggio chords, charmingly effective; and then comes the chorale: "Receive us, king," a massive piece of grand character. The story runs then to the marriage of Gudrum, the daughter of Ironerard, by Olaf, and she, resenting this espousal, determines to destroy the slayer of her father. In the choral ballad, "The guests were loud," we seem to have a reminiscence of Barnett's "Ancient Mariner." Olaf, aware of the intent of Gudrum, departs and seeks another love in the person of Sigrid, who, however, declines to give up her false god, whereat Olaf dashes down his gauntlet and leaves, incurring the mortal hatred of Sigrid. The final number gives a picture of a sea-fight between Olaf's dragons and the ships of the Svend. The work was a pronounced success. I have taken up the space allotted to me, so there is no room to criticise the evening performance of the Spectre's Bride, which, however, was given, as were the other works, in a manner most gratifying. Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap conducted, as on former occasions. Taking the festival as a whole, it was an unprecedentedly successful one.

A. LIDGITT.



#### Music in Bristol.



REACTION usually follows a great effort, and Bristol did not prove an exception to the rule, for the Festival was succeeded by a luli of some weeks' duration, while the city rested, more or less content, on the laurels the city rested, more or less content, on the laureig undoubtedly gained during the recent musical gathering. It may here be stated that the financial results of the Festival have been most encouraging, and instead of the usual call upon the guarantors, all expenses have been met out of the receipts, and it is further expected that there will be a surplus of £100.

Towards the end of last month several events of interest occurred, details of which must be held over. Amongst these are the meeting of the Quintuor Society on the 19th ult., and the recital of Herr Emil Sauer on the 23rd ult.

Mr. Ernest Crichton shows considerable enterprise in musical

Mr. Ernest Crichton shows considerable enterprise in musical matters, and it is to him that we are indebted for the visit of Madame Ella Russell and concert party on the 9th ult., also for M. Eugen d'Albert's recital on the 25th ult., which was the second of Mr. Crichton's series of concerts for the present season; and during this month we are able to look forward to a course of three lectures on "Modern Classical Song" by Mr. Carl Armbruster, assisted by Miss Pauline Cramer. These should be well patronized, taking, as they do, high ground, and containing promise of help and instruction to all classes of musicians, and naturally possessing a special interest for singers.

The various choral bodies have now resumed work, and orchestral societies are meeting weekly for rehearsal. Three concerts are announced by the Bristol Choral Society, and a formidable list of works appears in their scheme for the season, including Handel's Judas Maccabeus, Spohr's Last Judgment, Verdi's Requiem, Wagner's Flying Dutchman (Acts II. and III.), and Mendelssohn's First Walpurgis Nacht. The members of the Society have increased by 200 in the past few weeks, which testifies to the popularity of the able conductor, Mr. George Riseley, and also to the fact that many of those who had the advantage of being

trained, in a great measure, by him for the recent Festival are anxious not to lose further opportunities of his instruction. a matter for regret that the new members will hardly add to the even balance of the choir, as the increase is mainly in the crowded ranks of sopranos and altos, with a fair sprinkling of basses, whereas the already too scarce tenors have been hardly strengthened at all. Lack of tenors, however, is a well-known and almost universal

e are not to be destitute of chamber music during the season, and have in prospect two or three sets of concerts. Miss Mary Lock announces four concerts, Mr. T. Carrington being first violin.

Lock announces four concerts, Mr. T. Carrington being first violin. Mr. Edward Pavey also gives a series of Popular Chamber Concerts, of which the first took place on the 14th ult. at the Victoria Rooms. The programme included Sinding's Pianoforte Quintet in E minor, given for the first time in Bristol, Haydn's String Quartet, Op 54, No. 1, and violin, pianoforte, and vocal solos. The executants were Herr Otto Milani, 1st violin; Herr Otto Heinrich, 2nd violin; Mr. Ernest Lane, viola; Mr. E. Pavey, violoncello; Mr. H. Parsons and Miss E. Payne, pianoforte; and Miss Joan Hoefken, vocalist.

The very moderate audience which assembled on the night of

The very moderate audience which assembled on the night of Madame Ella Russell's concert was, no doubt, chiefly to be accounted for by the strong attractions of various kinds elsewhere. The prima donna was in excellent voice, and though she certainly The prima donna was in excellent voice, and though she certainly is not heard to the best advantage on a concert platform, yet her ringing tones and dramatic expression produced a great effect upon the audience, and she was recalled after each appearance. Miss Jessie King, Mr. Charles Chilley, and Mr. Copland, all came in for hearty appreciation, and the admirable violin playing of Miss Edie Reynolds was a distinct feature of the evening. The programme was of the ballad type, and does not call for special comment, though a word of admiration must be given to the graceful and effective setting of "It was a Lover," by Mr. Walthew, the sympathetic and efficient accompanist.



#### The Academies.



LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

DISTRIBUTION of prizes to non-students took place at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday afternoon, November 25, at 3 o'clock, when a performance of Cimarosa's opera, *The Secret Marriage*, was given.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

On Tuesday evening, November 3, the concert-room of the above College was crowded to excess, every seat being occupied, and those who could not get seats standing round the back of the Hall in a vast pack, ready to pounce upon any seat that might be vacated before the concert was ended. That which occasioned such a large concourse of people was an orchestral concert; and after I had heard it, I was not at all surprised at the place being overcrowded. There was only one thing unpleasant. Any one that happened to be a trifle late was shut outside in an underground passage until the end of a piece or movement, which, I think, only happens when Mr. C. V. Stanford is conducting the concert. But everything cannot be perfect; there is bound to be a flaw somewhere, according to someone's idea; but if it was a fault in detaining the late-comers outside for a time. it was amply repaid in what followed.

The Preliminary Examinations for twelve free open scholarships will be held on February 3, 1897, in various local centres throughout the United Kingdom in connection with the Royal College of Music. The final Competition, before the Director and Board of Professors at the College, will take place on or about February 27.

will take place on or about February 27.

The scholarships will be allotted as follows:—
Two for Composition, for Males and Females between the ages of 13

One for PIANOFORTE, for Males between 13 and 18, and Females

between 13 and 19.
One for ORGAN, for Males between 13 and 19, and Females between 13

One each for Violin, Viola, Double Bass, or Violoncello, for Males and Females between 13 and 18.

One for Wind Instruments (Hauthoy or Bassoon), for Males be-

tween 17 and 27.

for SINGING, for Males between 18 and 24, and Females between

17 and 22.

The Students of the above College, on December 11, will give a performance of Falstaff at the Lyceum Theatre.

Children School. OF Music.

The annual presentation of medals, prizes, and certificates, preceded by a concert given by the students of the above School, took place at the Guildhall on the alternoon of October 31. The presentation was made by the Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffs of London.

I am certain the concert was really the best I had ever heard them give.

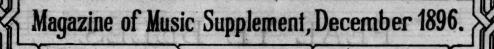
Not much can be said about the Part Songs, but that Barnby's "Sweet and Low" was sung in Memoriam, when, as the first few well-known notes were sung, every person in the Hall (which was no mean number, as the place was packed) rose to a standing position, and remained so to the end of the piece, listening with the most profound reverence, which produced a scene that was impressive in the extreme. The Part Song that concluded the concert was a composition by the new Principal, entitled "Victoria," about which, I am afraid, I can say but very little in its favour. Songs were given by Miss Mabel Engelhardt, Miss Bessie Grant, Miss Maud Clough, and Mr. Tom Powley, and one would find it very difficult to say which gave the best rendering of their respective songs. But I was greatly impressed by the singing of the prize song, "The Weed and the Rose," composed by Isabel Reynolds (for which she gained the School Composition Prize), and sung by Miss Bessie Grant with wonderful simplicity, from whence it appeared to derive most, or I might say, all its beauty. Certainly, Mr. Tom Powley gave the best rendering of "I am a roamer," from Mendelssohn's Son and Stranger, that it has ever been my good fortune (or misfortune) to hear given at a Students' Concert. Two violin solos were given, one by Miss Dora Davidson, and the other by Miss Fanny Woolf; but the former young lady's solo was not played under the most favourable circumstances, as there seemed to be a misunderstanding between soloist and accompanist. The pianoforte solo, Mr. G. Douglas Boxall's performance of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, although mentioned last, was not by far the least creditable performance of the afternoon's concert.

the afternoon's concert.

The special prizes consisted of the Lord Mayor's prize, awarded to Mabel Engelhardt; the Sheriff's (Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Pound) Prize, awarded to Bessie Grant; another Sheriff's Prize (given by Mr. Sheriff Cooper), divided between Maud Clough and Mrs. Hyem; the Chairman's Prize, awarded to Walter A. Richards; and the Carwardine Prize divided between Dora Davidson and Armgart Allen. Of all of these, the prize consisted of a purse of five guineas. The Jenkinson Prize, a purse of five pounds, to Rachel Ricardo; the Alexander Prize to Florence Jeans; the Robinson Prizes, a purse of three guineas, to Henry Turnpenny, and a purse of two guineas to Mary Cooper; the Moore Prizes, a purse of three guineas, to Tom Powley, and a purse of two guineas to A. Montague Borwell; the Tubb's Prize to Fanny Woolf; the Hill Prize, to Bertha Murray; the Brinsmead Prize, to G. Douglas Boxall; and the Libotton Memorial Prize, awarded to Hans Dressel. Memorial Prize, awarded to Hans Dressel.

The following students received school prizes:—
Ethel Foreshew, Mildred Harwood (soprano), Beatrice Oldfield (contralto), Wilfred Wymstay (tenor), William Rogers (Bass), Jessie A. Bowman (violin), Henry G. Partridge (viola), Lizzie Bowman (violoncello), Isabel Henvey (flute), Nellie Schrader (harp), Isabel Reynolds (composition), Daisy Richardson and James McGregor (elocutionists). There then follows a host of students names, who have gained certificates of merit, but which we must unavoidably leave out through want of space,







Täubchen im Sonnenschein.

ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS.

We are little Fairies.

HARRY A. THOMSON.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

HARRY A. THOMSON.

RIO "THE BUTTERFLY."

FERRIS TOZER.

Sleep little one.

LITTLE SONG.

HE MILL-RACE POLKA

HERBERT MILLS



MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
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# PEAL YE BELLS.





### Täubchen im Sonnenschein.





### "WE ARE LITTLE FAIRIES."







#### "CAN THIS BE LOVE?"

Romance.



Nº 3 OF SIX LOVE SONGS.











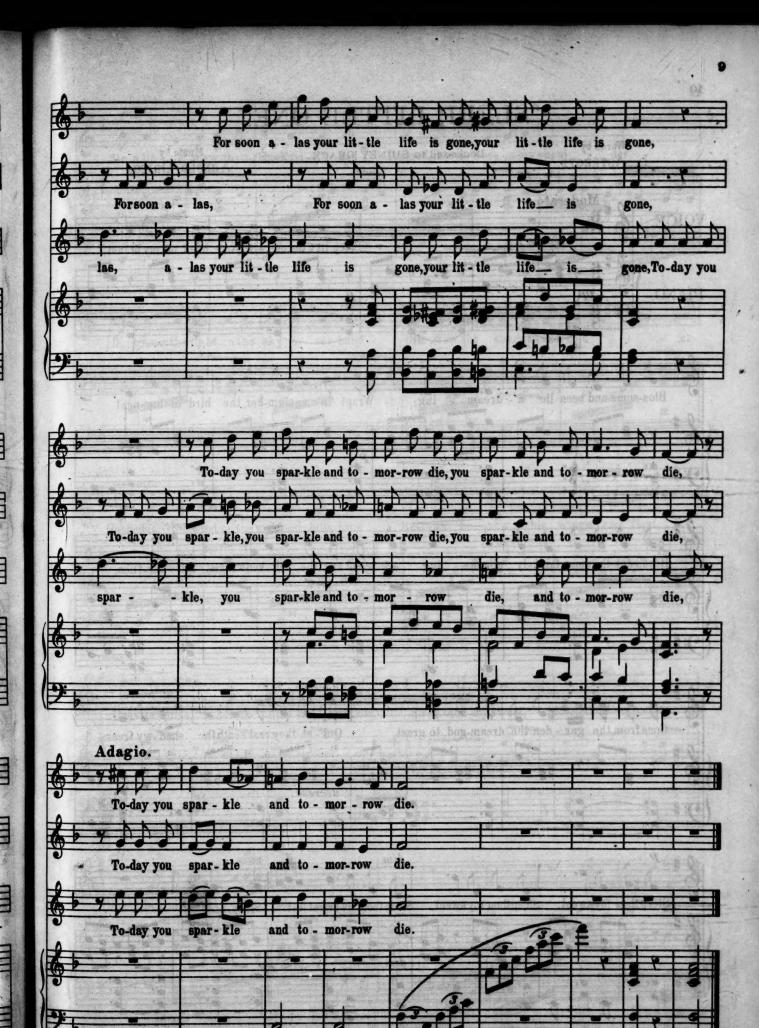
#### "THE BUTTERFLY"

(In the style of "O Memory" by Henry Leslie.)









#### "SLEEP, LITTLE ONE."

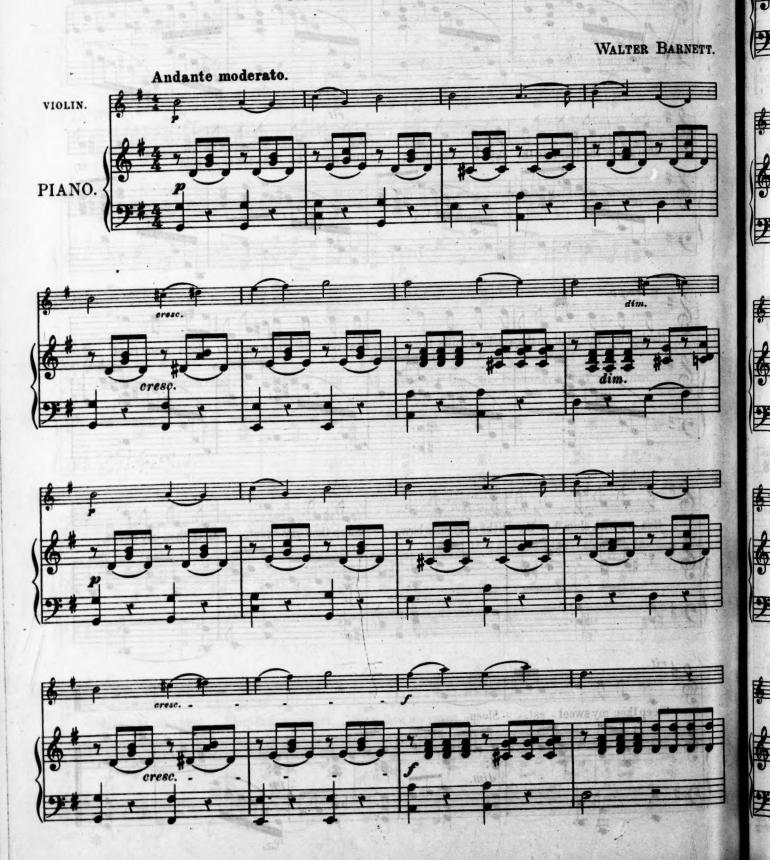






## A LITTLE SONG

for VIOLIN & PIANO.





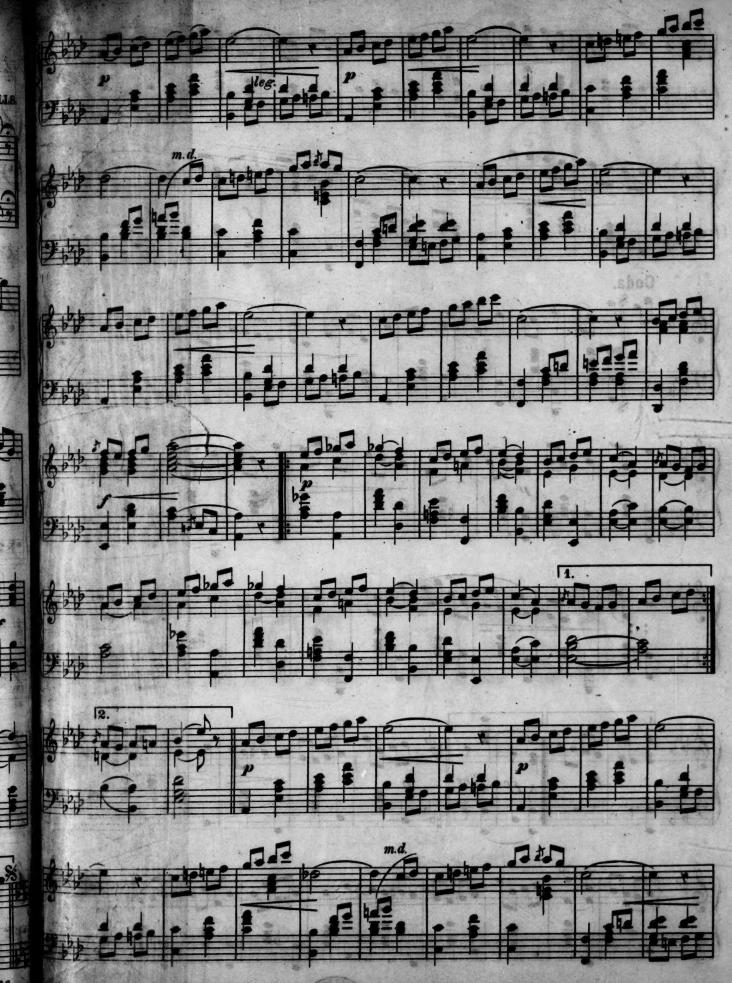


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# THE MILL-RACE POLKA.









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# ALICE GIBSON.

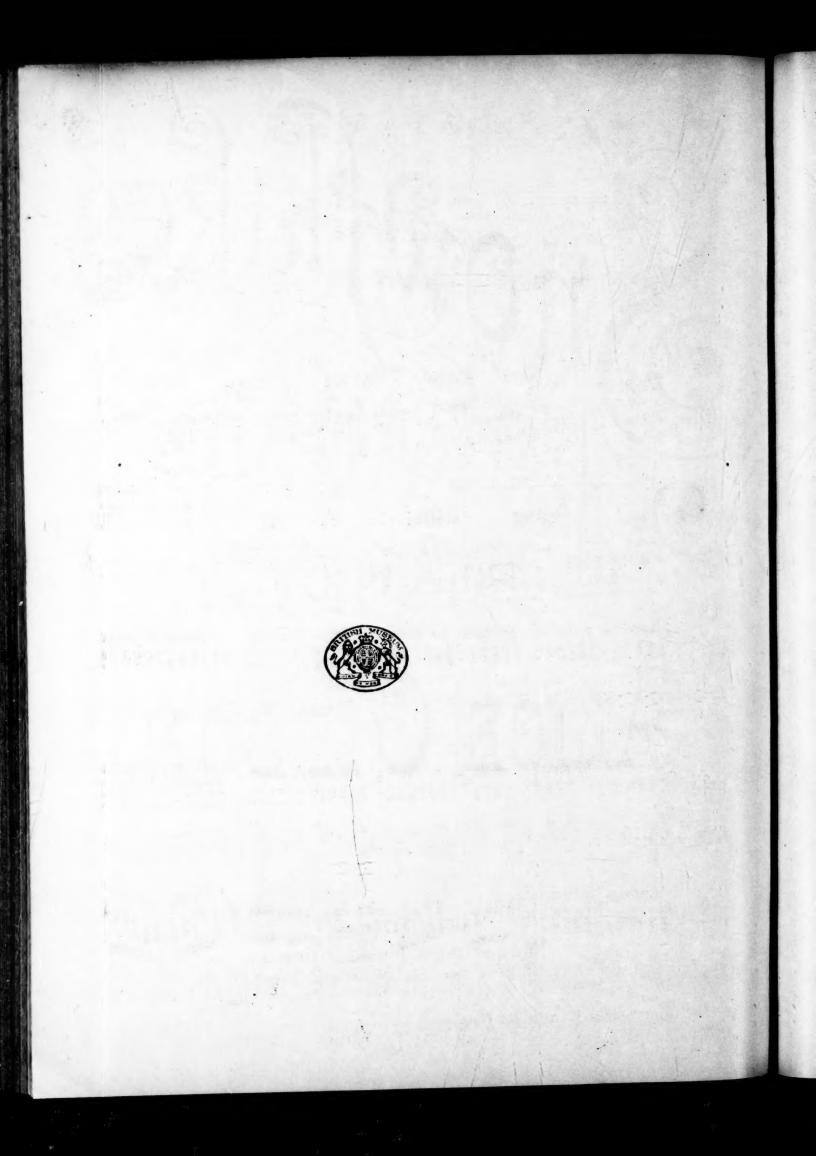
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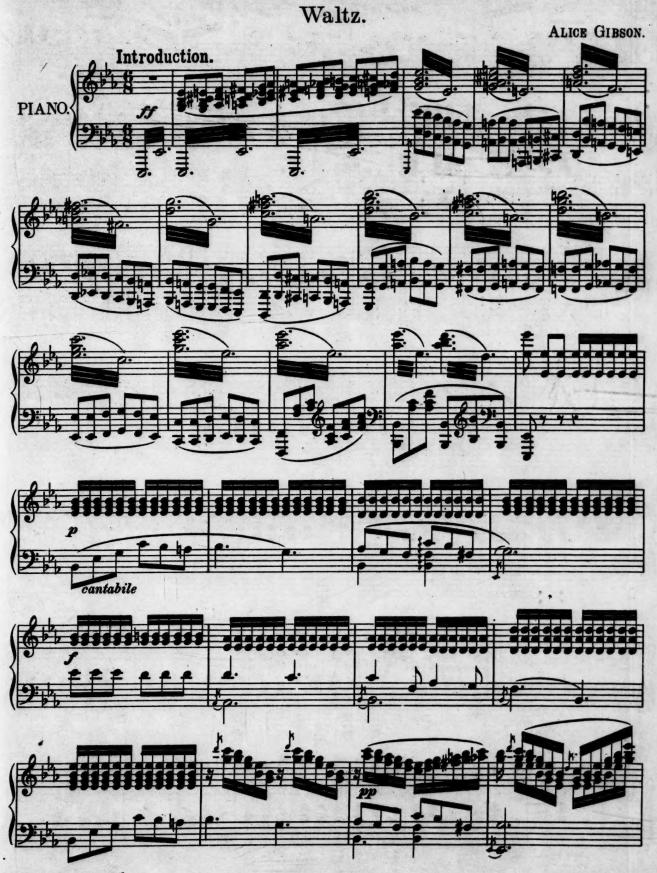
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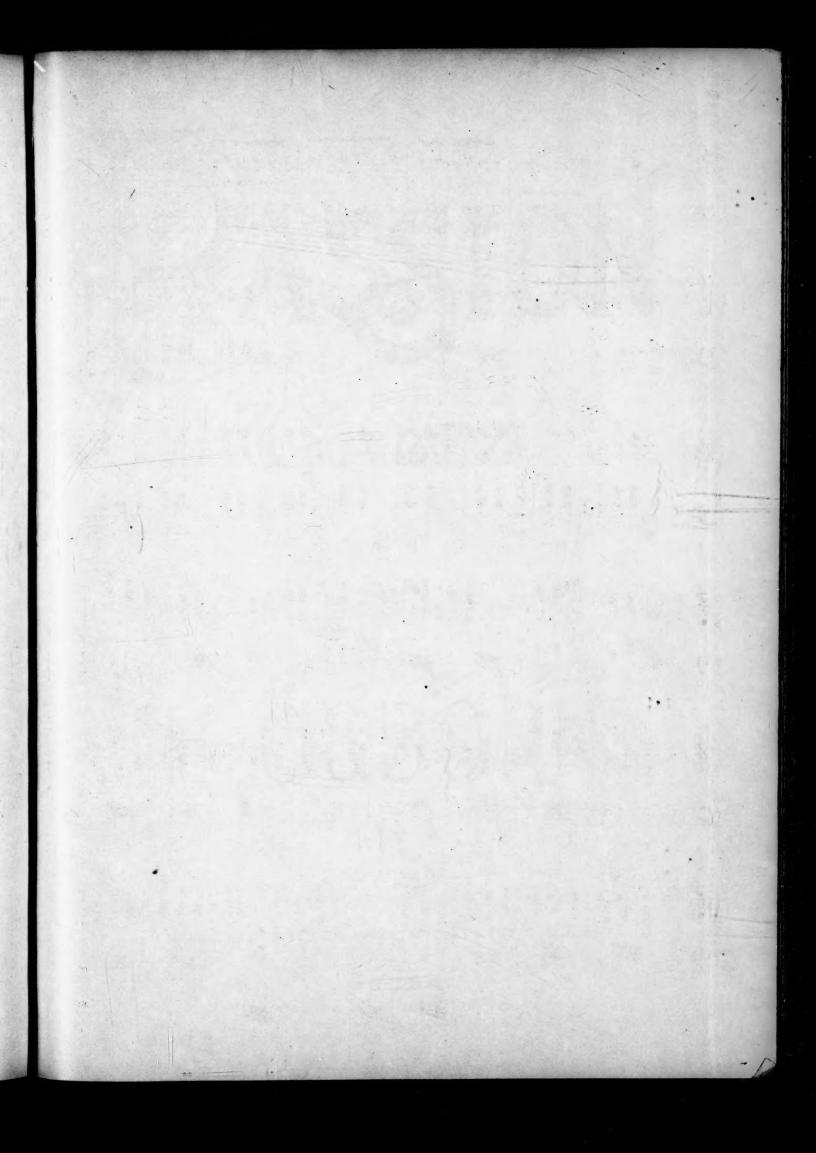












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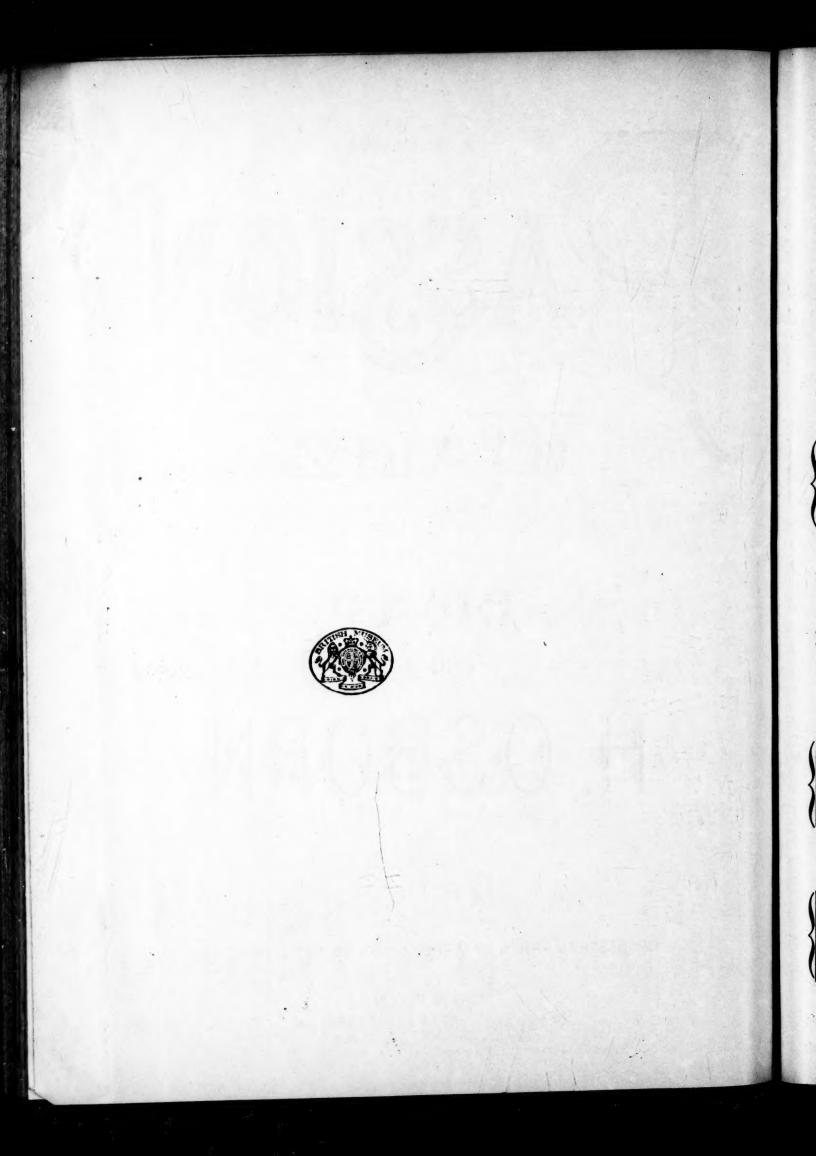
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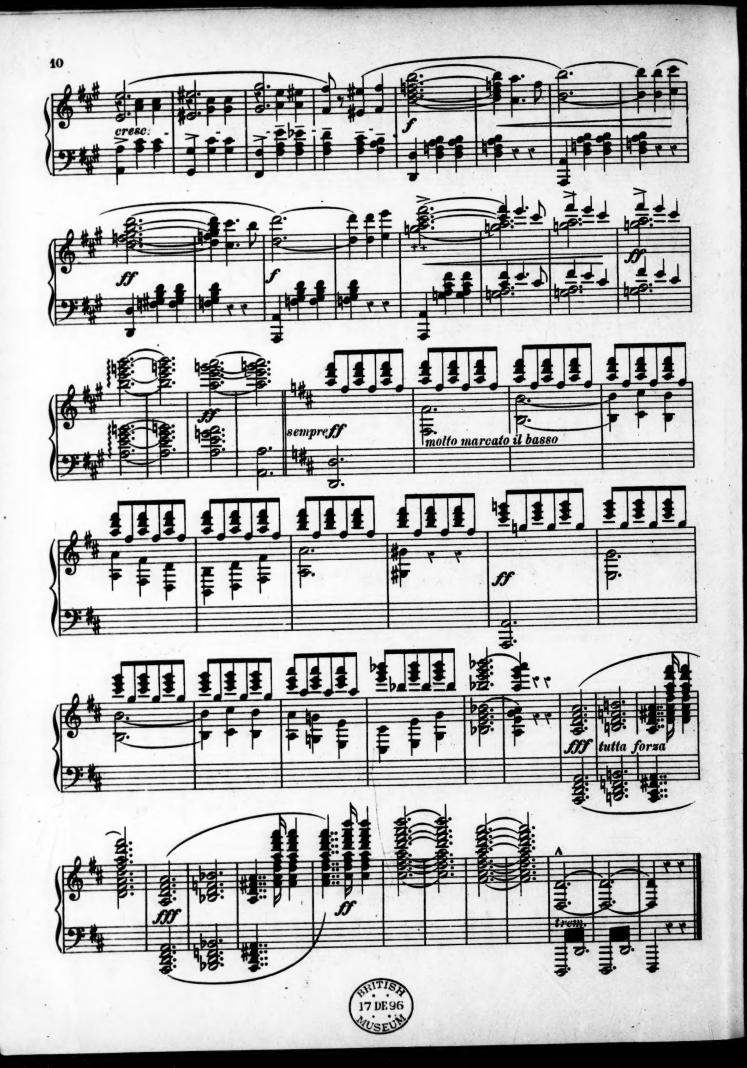


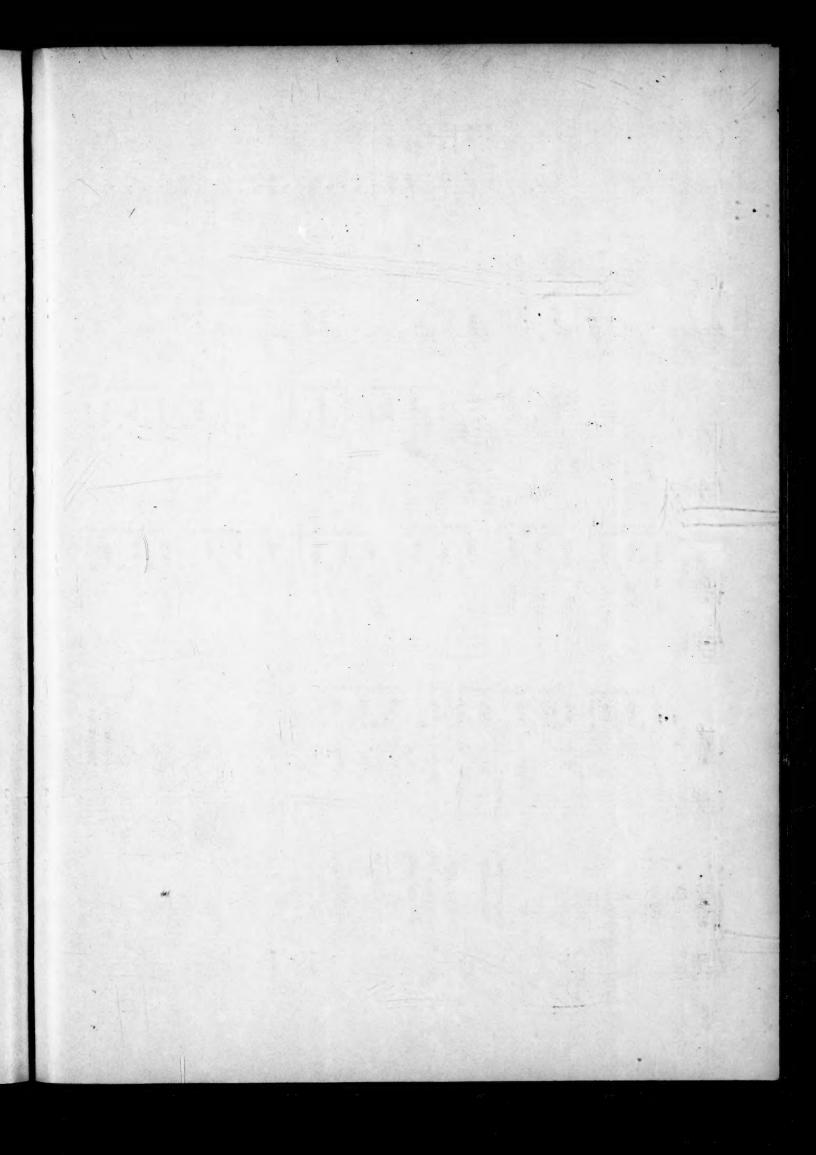




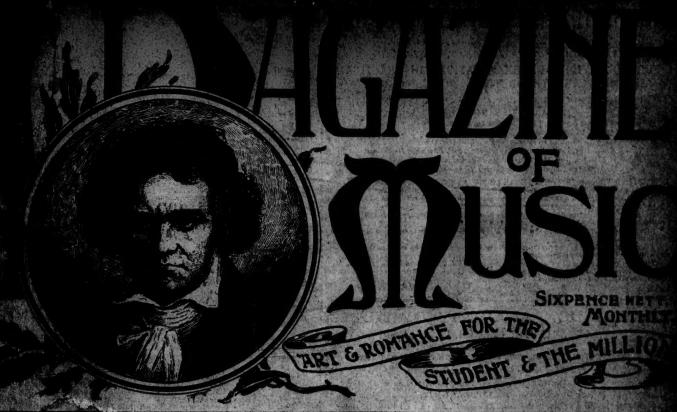












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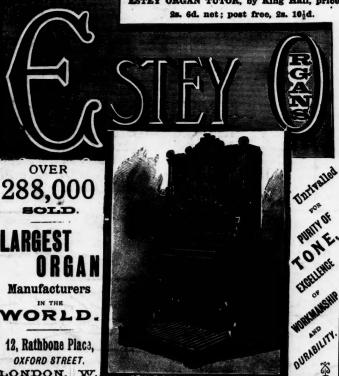
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